

CASES DOWN FOR ARGUMENT

List of Causes to be Heard by Judge Bell

ONE NEW TRIAL ASKED FOR

Exceptions Filed to Report on Petition for Reduction of Councilmen in DuBois Borough—Petitions, Motions and Requests for Rules in a Score of Cases.

The following cases are down for argument at the regular argument court beginning January 13 and in equity and orphans' court:

Frank Zeigler c. t. a. of Charles Zeigler, vs. John Selepe; petition to stay execution, and rule to open judgment. Krebs & Liveright; Woodward.

Commonwealth vs. Nick Fresco; petition to strike off forfeiture of recognizance. Kelley, Bell & Hartswick.

Commonwealth vs. Jackena Cutane; rule to show cause why money should not be paid to Jack Cutane. Kelley, A. H. Woodward.

William Gurovski and Marcella Gurovski vs. Fred Lebb and J. W. Marshall; motion for judgment non ob ver, and for new trial. Cole and Arnold; Pentz.

Martin Machinery Co., to use, vs. Harry J. Flegal; rule for judgment for want of sufficient affidavit of defense. W. I. Swope; Cole & Arnold.

In re petition of citizens of DuBois borough to reduce number of councilmen; exceptions filed. Pentz; Cole & Arnold.

Commonwealth to use Louisa Moyer vs. Herman Moyer, defendant, to Andrew Neubauer and Neubauer, exors; rule to show why judgment should not be entered. W. I. Swope; Bell & Hartswick.

Commonwealth vs. Herman Moyer; rule to show cause why attachment should not issue. W. I. Swope; Bell & Hartswick.

Michael Burns vs. Steve Harasli and T. W. Russell, certiorari. R. D. Swope for defense.

John M. Sileski and William Scott, trading as Sileski & Co., vs. Susie Mike, trading as Brady Street market; motion for judgment for want of sufficient affidavit of defense. Calkin for plaintiffs.

D. W. Anderson vs. Martha Flister and Charles E. Flister; petition for rule to open judgment as to Martha Flister.

In re public road in Huston township; exceptions to report of viewers. Commonwealth vs. Oscar C. Anderson; petition to strike off forfeiture of recognizance. Kelley; Krebs & Liveright.

Commonwealth vs. Philip S. Dotts; motion for discharge of defendant. Kelley; Urey.

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To use W. R. Davis vs. C. P. Munch Coal Co., demurrer. Pentz; Cole & Arnold.

Gordon Bloom vs. Lawrence township supervisors—C. V. Rowles John Schickling and R. H. Ogden, petition to show cause why a mandamus should not issue. R. D. Swope, Hartswick.

Commonwealth vs. Louis Edding; rule to show cause why defendant should not be discharged. Kelley, Patterson & Gleason.

William Rowe, tax collector of DuBois borough, vs. Commissioners of Clearfield county, mandamus. Pentz, Krebs & Liveright.

Argument list on Delmas vs. Pittsburg & Susanna R. R. Co., demurrer. A. Liveright, Bell & Hartswick.

Patrick Reynolds estate, rule on to accept or refuse.

O. L. Schoonover estate, renewed exceptions to auditor's report. Cole & Arnold.

No Truth in Report. There is no truth in the report that two men had been killed at Irvona on Christmas day.

Another Male Failing. Every married man believes that the household expenses could be cut in two if he only had a chance to turn his business acumen loose on the job.—Chicago Record-Herald.

KILLED ON N. Y. C.

Sad Fate of Man on a Visit to Relatives at Peale.

Simon Pearson, of Corning, New York, was thrown from a car on the New York Central's Pine Creek branch Wednesday, at Bluestone, 15 miles north of Jersey Shore, and was so badly injured that he died Thursday morning at the Williamsport hospital without regaining consciousness.

Mr. Pearson, in company with his two brothers and a cousin were on their way to visit friends at Peale. He was standing on the platform of the smoking car when, in turning a sharp curve the swerving of the car threw him to the ground with fatal results.

Lightship Risks. It would seem that the perils of a lightship crew in a gale exceed even those of a lighthouse keeper. Mr. Talbot, in his "Lightships and Light-houses," gives an example of the havoc played by one Atlantic wave in the case of the lightship that guards the terrible rocky fangs known as the "Seven Stones," which lie between Land's End and the Scilly Isles.

"Once a wave tumbled aboard, crashed over a man against the pump, knocked him half senseless; picked up the lifeboat and threw it against the deckhouse, and in so doing caught another member of the crew, mauling his thigh badly in passing. Two out of the seven men forming the crew were thus put hors de combat by a single wave."

The lightship is a British idea, and the first ever used was placed in the mouth of the Thames in 1713.

NEW PARCELS POST RATES ANNOUNCED

Change Will Take Place on First of Next Year

With the beginning of the new year the changes in parcels post services will go into effect. The post office department announces that parcels weighing four ounces or less are available at the rate of one cent each ounce or fraction of an ounce, regardless of distance. Parcels weighing more than four ounces, on and after January 1, 1914 will be mailed at rates fixed in accordance with weight and distance. Thus—

Parcels weighing one pound, local and first zone, 5c, second zone, 5c, third zone, 6c; fourth zone, 7c, fifth zone, 8c, sixth zone, 9c, seventh zone, 11c, eighth zone, 12c, zone, 12c.

Other weights progress in rates up to 50 pounds, which may be sent in the local and first and second zones at the following rates: Local rates, 30c, first and second zone rates, 54c. The change from the limit of 20 pounds to 50 pounds extends only to the limits of the second zone. The 20 pound rate is included in all of the zones.

Twenty pounds may be carried from Clearfield to New York or Philadelphia for 44c. Fifty pounds may be carried to Buffalo or Pittsburgh from Clearfield for 54c.

Parcels weighing 20 pounds will be carried from Clearfield to California, in the eighth zone, for \$2.40. This rate covers the cost of sending parcels to any part of the country and to Europe or wherever the United States mail goes.

Choosing the Easier Way. "I thought you were going to invest your money in stocks?" "I did think of it."

"Have you changed your mind?" "Yes, I went into a broker's place the other day for the purpose of watching the market a little while. Have you ever been in a broker's office?"

"Yes."

"Then you know the layout. There is a big blackboard upon one of the walls. At each side of the board are several rows of chairs, which are occupied by men who have bought or sold. They sit there, nervously chewing their cigars and watching the quotations as they are written on the blackboard."

"What has that to do with your decision not to invest?"

"After watching these watchers for awhile and studying their expressions I decided that it would be easier to go on working for the money I'm going to need."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Overtrained. "Is Bliggins a shrewd business man?" "He was until he got such a reputation for being a shrewd business man that everybody was afraid to do business with him."—Washington Star.

INSNALLATION OF OFFICERS

Pleasant Function in Red Men's Hall Friday Evening

B. R. T. AND AUXILIARY

Ceremonies interspersed with Music, Addresses and Other Entertainment. Officers Installed in B. of R. T. by E. M. Westcott, and in Auxiliary by Mrs. Alda Marshall.

At a meeting of the Clearfield lodge, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, held in the Red Men's hall Friday evening, there was a joint installation of the newly elected officers of the Brotherhood and the Ladies auxiliary of the Brotherhood.

E. M. Westcott installed the officers of the B. of R. T. as follows: President—C. R. Rishell. Vice president—M. L. Farrell. Secretary—E. M. Westcott. Treasurer—W. A. Mohney. Chaplain—Arton Johnson. Conductor—R. F. Mitchell. Warden—J. A. Barnie. Guard—J. E. Cechman.

The installation of the officers of the Ladies' auxiliary was conducted by Mrs. Alda Marshall, of Philadelphia, the following officers being installed:

President—Mrs. Crissie Cechman. Vice President—Mrs. Laura Graham. Past President—Mrs. Laura Myers. Secretary—Miss Katherine Berry. Treasurer—Mrs. Grace Lehman. Chaplain—Mrs. Hanna Swartz. Conductor—Mrs. Emma Doan. Warden—Mrs. Mary Westcott. Inner Guard—Mrs. Della Beightel. Outer Guard—Mrs. Harriet Acack. Counsellor—William Mohney.

The proceedings opened with the singing of an ode and closed with the singing of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

The musical numbers, including the March during the installation ceremonies, were heartily enjoyed. Miss Florence Lehman, a little girl, sang very prettily a solo, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Grace Lehman. Miss Meda Shaw was the pianist of the evening. During the proceedings Miss Shaw played several selections among others "Rock of Ages" was played during the administration of the oath of office. Mrs. Doan pleased the assembly by reciting a very appropriate piece.

Addresses were made by Messrs. Farrell, Westcott and Mohney and a talk by Mrs. Marshall. Splendid refreshments were served.

Mrs. Marshall was presented with a handsome toilet set, the gift of the Ladies auxiliary.

Wangen's Fountain of Wine. A fountain of wine is one of those historical extravaganzas which are generally associated with the name of Nero, yet on every July 13 the public fountain of Wangen, in the Alsace wine country, flows with wine in the middle ages the commune of Wangen was sentenced to make an annual payment to the monastery of Strasbourg of 400 measures of wine. In 1793 the payment was abolished by the Directory. Under Louis XVIII two merchants secured the transfer of documents, them, by means of forged documents, for \$120, but the commune commenced proceedings against them, in which it was victorious on July 13, 1830. Since that date a communal festival has been held on that day, and from the public fountain erected to commemorate the victory wine flows for one hour in the day. Westminster Gazette.

No Complaint to Make. It was at the vaudeville. The girl with the extraordinary voice had just finished her song.

"Just think," growled Brown to the stranger beside him. "We paid real money to hear that?"

"I didn't," was the placid response. "Come in on a 'comp'."

"But you had to spend car fare to get here, did you not?" asked Brown.

"None," replied the uncomplaining one. "I live in walking distance."

"But," persisted Brown desperately, "at least you hoped to be entertained."

"No," I didn't care," grinned the stranger. "I came to get away from home. My wife is cleaning house!"—Judge.

Pride in Their Country. In Germany there is a national association called the Heimatschutz Bund which was formed for protecting and preserving the natural beauty of the German fatherland, together with its historic and artistic buildings, cities, monuments, etc. also to unite the efforts being made by various local and state organizations.

A WOODLAND WEDDING

Young Couple Married on Christmas Day.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the parsonage of the United Brethren church, Woodland, Wednesday evening, Dec. 26, when Miss Margaret Fleming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Fleming, of Curwensville, became the bride of Thomas E. Wisor, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Wisor, of Woodland.

The ceremony was performed by the groom's pastor, the Rev. E. G. Spessard. The groom is an efficient barber and the couple will reside with the groom's parents for the present, later taking up house-keeping in Woodland.

SIEGES OF PERONNE

They Won For the Town the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The town of Peronne, not far from Amiens, has had the distinction of being decorated with the Legion of Honor and can place the cross so much sought after by every Frenchman in its coat of arms and on its seal.

Peronne has two memorable sieges to its credit, the first in 1536 and the other during the Franco-Prussian war. During the siege of 1536 Estournel, governor of the town, held out for more than a month against the Comte de Nassau, lieutenant of the Emperor Charles V. At the end of that time Nassau, who had failed in three assaults, gave up the siege.

The siege of Peronne during the war of "soixante-dix" was one of the bloodiest in history. The Prussians surrounded it on Nov. 30, 1870, and the town held out until Jan. 9, when with half the town in flames, no means of fighting the fire, not to mention the lack of food and drinking water, it capitulated.

The fire was so intense that the bells in the church towers were melted and the stacked silver pieces in the bank were turned into ingots. Six hundred and seventy houses were destroyed by fire and shells, while 3,000 soldiers and citizens were taken prisoners.—New York Sun.

Mirabeau as an Orator. No one, not even Talleyrand, could approach Mirabeau as a speaker, and, curiously enough, this violent, emotional man was, as orator, perfectly self possessed.

"During the debate on the disturbances at Marseilles the Right interrupted his speech with cries of slanderer, liar, scoundrel, assassin. He stopped for a moment and looked at the excited members who were heaping upon him their vile words. 'I am waiting, gentlemen,' he said, 'for these unities to die down.' Then he went on with his speech at the point where he had broken off."

His face, pitted with smallpox, was ugly, says the author of "Mirabeau," but his very ugliness transformed by the play of his countenance, was marvelously turned into a source of power. When he shook his "terrible bear's head" he was terrifying and no man dared to interrupt him.

Meerschaum and the Turks. Meerschaum used to be considered a mere curiosity by the Turks who had no other use for it than as a substitute for fuller's soap. The story runs that the Turkish ambassador at the Austrian court, in the eighteenth century, was a native of Faki Schehr. Wanting to help his city at a time of great poverty he took a sample of this queer stuff to Vienna, thinking that the "Franks," as all foreigners were then called, might have some use for it. The Germans were quick to see its utility for pipe bowls, but declared that it was good for nothing else. More than a century has confirmed this judgment, for who has yet discovered any other use for meerschaum? For pipe making it is an ideal raw material. Here is a stone which is easily moulded when wet, and when dry becomes hard and resists fire.

Between Governors. When the late Senator Bob Taylor was governor of Tennessee he received a letter from an inmate of the Missouri state penitentiary. His correspondent pleaded that his name too was Taylor, claimed kinship with the governor and begged him to use his influence with Governor Francis of Missouri to obtain a pardon. A short time afterward Governor Francis received the following letter from Governor Bob:

My Dear Governor Francis—You've got a fellow over there in your penitentiary named Taylor, who says he's kin to me and wants me to help him get out. I wish, if you see your way clear toward doing it, you would turn him loose, and if any of your kindfoks ever get in my pen I'll return the favor.

—New York Post.

How to Keep Olives. When a large bottle of olives is opened and only a part of them used the remainder, though left in the brine, become comparatively tasteless. To avoid this pour half an inch of olive oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar on the top and cork well. The olives will then retain their natural flavor indefinitely.

Old Age a Paradox. Dr. Lyman Abbott, discussing old age at a dinner in New York, smiled pensively and said:

"Old age is not so bad as youth seems it. Old age is a paradox. It may be truly said that the best years of a man's life come after the best years of his life have been wasted."

The Feather For the Desk. A drawing room desk or writing table must have a long feather to be in the mode quite as much as a lady's hat.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Clune, of New York City are visiting Mrs. Clune's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boynton Newling.

START WORK ON NEW BANK LAW

Preliminary Labor Fails on Secretaries McAdoo and Houston.

THEY WILL SELECT CITIES.

Likely to Be Scramble For Locations of Federal Reserve Centers—Law Provides For Not Less Than Eight and Not More Than Twelve—Committee May Visit Different Localities.

Washington, Dec. 26.—Secretary McAdoo and Secretary Houston began working out preliminaries of the nation's new financial system under the currency act signed by the president.

Although the law provides that the two secretaries shall join with the comptroller of the currency in the preliminary work of reorganization, the office of comptroller is vacant, and it has been decided that the two secretaries, constituting a majority of the committee, may go ahead. Later the members of the federal reserve board of seven will be named by President Wilson. The secretary of the treasury and the comptroller will be members of that body, and the other five will be chosen from private life. If President Wilson finally has made his selection for those five places it is not known in Washington.

The first step to be taken by the secretaries will be the selection of cities where federal reserve banks, the backbone of the system, are to be located. The law provides for not less than eight and not more than twelve.

May Employ Counsel. The organization committee is empowered to employ counsel and summon witnesses and papers to go deep into the location of the reserve reservoirs. Its decision is not subject to review, except by the federal reserve board.

It is possible that before the question of cities is decided the organization committee will visit cities suggested and base its report on information gained at first hand. Cities that can hardly be kept off a tentative list would include New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and New Orleans, with Denver, Atlanta and Seattle or Portland, Ore., near the top. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and several others are asking for designation.

The organization committee is empowered to prescribe regulations for membership in the system. Applications from all over the United States have been flowing into the treasury for several days. An unusual flood, however, arrived, and one of the first duties of the committee will be the promulgation of rules for their acceptance. National banks have sixty days in which to file applications.

WILSON OFF FOR HOLIDAY.

With Wife and Daughters He Goes to Mississippi.

Washington, Dec. 26.—President Wilson, with Mrs. Wilson, their two daughters, Misses Margaret and Eleanor; Miss Helen Woodrow Bones and Dr. Cary Grayson, naval aid, went to Pass Christian, Miss., to spend Christmas.

The president eluded the crowd which had gathered at the station by boarding his private car an hour before the time for its departure. He will return to Washington in time for the diplomatic reception on Jan. 13.

A Christmas Hint. A friend of mine, said a woman recently, showed me a handy little article that she always carried in her hand bag which she makes and sells for 20 cents. It consists of a piece of ribbon a quarter of a yard wide hemmed at each end and then herring boned. In the center on one end are two pieces of string. Then two loops are buttonholed and sewed on the ribbon, and in one are inserted about four or five hairpins; in the other loop, are that many invisible hairpins, then a needle threaded with white thread under the other; then there are a few large and some small safety pins, some black headed and some white and a few white pins, all pinned through the silk. This is all rolled and tied with the narrow ribbon. It is a handy little accessory to the bag and takes up little room.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Clune, of New York City are visiting Mrs. Clune's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boynton Newling.

There is likely to be a large crowd at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium next Tuesday evening when the association team will play the Eastern Bloomer Girls. A warmly contested game is promised.

COLLEGE NIGHT

Vacationists Will Meet at Y. M. C. A. Monday Night.

A unique social will be held at the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening, Dec. 29, at 8, at which time all college students home on their holiday vacation will meet the Clearfield High school boys. A fine program has been arranged, including refreshments free.

Students from U. of P., State, Princeton, Yale, N. Y. U., Cornell, Kiski, F. & M. and Culver Military Academy will be present.

All High school boys are invited.

Boston Bloomer Girls.

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Town Clock on Strike.

For several days the town clock has been on strike. The hands refuse to work and citizens wonder why the difficulty cannot be settled by arbitration.

Baptist Church.

10:00 A. M. Bible school.

11:00, Worship; sermon topic: "The Heritage of the Christian."

7:00 P. M., Young people.

7:30, Evening worship; topic: "This Year Also." New Year's sermon.

RARE TREAT FOR LOVERS OF MUSIC

Susquehanna Glee Club Here Wednesday Evening

Susquehanna University's Glee club which will appear in the Lutheran church of Clearfield on Wednesday evening, Dec. 31, at 8:30 P. M. for the benefit of the church, is bringing over the circuit of its eighteenth annual tour amid a series of marked successes. It has proven a happy combination of pleasing musicians, brim full of all the cheer of college life.

Through the able efforts of their director, Matthew Lundquist, Dean of the Susquehanna University Conservatory of Music, the club has worked up a novel program arrangement, which is new and striking. The varied selections of the musicians have thoroughly captivated the audiences of the first week's travel, and reports from all along the line indicate that the college entertainers are improving with each rendition.

Part one of the program represents a bunch of college fellows on a trip. The first number, "The Soldiers' Chorus," pictures them going to war. This is followed by "When Billows Are Rooking," a catchy selection rendered during their voyage. After this is a bass solo, "The Indifferent Mariner," portraying the carefree life of the sailor. Upon landing the greeting is sounded, the "Bells of Shandon" pealing forth a welcome from the old cathedral. Then the choristers visit the sacred sanctuary, where the battle hymn is sung, which recalls to mind the war songs of the old crusaders. That selection, with two violin solos rendered by Prof. Charles M. Fry, head of the violin department of the conservatory of music, forms a fitting close for the first part of the program.

The second part finds the fellows gathered for a social evening. As they assemble, they sing a very amusing and lively song, "When I Know What You Know," but gathering around the cheerful glow of the fireside brings up thoughts of home and the loved ones, so they sing "Dreaming" and "Come, Love Come."

Swoope, the clever reader, then injects his personality into the evening by giving "Gentlemen, the King."

As the black night stretches out to meet the oncoming day the collegians render "Just a Song at Twilight," followed by the typical glee "The Winter Song." As the hour for departure approaches "Varsity Song" is the enchanting song, in which the college musicians express their loyalty and pride in Susquehanna, singing the song with only such vigor and vim as can be sung by an organization of representative American youth.

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SCORES KILLED BY REBEL MINE

Mexican Federals Didn't Suspect Enemy So Far North.

CHEER BRITAIN AND JAPAN.

General Huerta's Birthday Marked by Unusual Demonstration—Americans Attacked in Speeches—Dr. Urrutia, Mexico's Greatest Surgeon, Makes Pacific Speech.

City of Mexico, Dec. 25.—Scores of federal troops. It was admitted, had been killed when their train ran over a rebel mine near Charcos, a short distance north of San Luis Potosi. The federal forces did not suspect the presence of the rebels so far south, and no pilot engine was sent ahead of the troop train.

When the dynamite planted by the rebels exploded the train was demolished. Few of the troops escaped unhurt from the wreck, and the majority who escaped death in the wreck were shot down by the rebels.

Increased activity is being displayed by the rebels about Acapulco. The rebels have stopped the construction of the railroad being built from Acapulco, and the Americans engaged in construction work on the road are on their way back to the capital.

The federal officials of Acapulco are reported to have levied a forced loan on the Spanish merchants for the support of the troops.

Cheer Foreign Ministers.

The general belief of the populace that Japan and Great Britain still sympathize with the present government was shown when the crowd outside the palace cheered the British and Japanese ministers when they left the building after the president's reception to the diplomatic corps, which was part of the festivities marking General Huerta's fifty-ninth birthday.

The general's birthday festivities were brought to a close by a gathering at Chapultepec of his official family and a few personal friends. Many speeches were made, one of which gave Querido Moheno, the minister of foreign affairs, an opportunity to make an attack on the United States.

Although the United States refused to recognize General Huerta, he said, he had been acclaimed as president not only by Mexico, but by twenty-two Latin-American states. In grandiloquent phrases he recited how he believed Mexico would be supported by the Central and South American countries if the republic was at war with another power.

Makes Pacific Speech.

Dr. Aureliano Urrutia, the greatest surgeon in Mexico, who was formerly minister of the interior, replied to this by calling attention to Mexico's desolate condition and the uncertain minds of millions of her people. He deplored the idea that any other measures than diplomatic ones be considered in the settlement of a difficulty between Mexico and another power.

General Huerta slapped him on the back at the end of his pacific speech and then told those assembled that he was not anti-American in sentiment. He deplored any expression of jingoism.

GARRISON HASN'T ANY DOGS OF WAR TO SPARE

Not Even For Pennsylvania Boy Who Wants One For Xmas.

Washington, Dec. 25.—Secretary Garrison's New Jersey boyhood days were recalled to him when, with a sigh of regret, he had to turn down the request of a Pennsylvania youngster who wrote asking for a "war dog" as a Christmas present. The lad's letter, mailed at Fordyce, Pa., was as follows:

Mr. Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.: Dear Sir—Me and my little brother would like to have a dog for a Christmas present. Papa says you have plenty of war dogs. Will you send us a little pup? A Scotch collie would be the best. I am nine years old, and my little brother is four years old. Good by.

MR. —

Not omitting the prefix "Mr." which the youngster carefully included in his signature, Secretary Garrison sent his correspondent this reply:

Mr. —, Fordyce, Pa.: My Dear Sir—I received your letter of Dec. 22, 1913. Your papa told you the truth when he said I had war dogs, but he made a mistake when he said I had plenty. I have some, but none to spare, and am very sorry that I cannot send you what you ask for. Besides, there is not a Scotch collie attached to the army. If I see one running loose anywhere I will try to catch him for you. I do hope you will get a dog somewhere for Christmas. Sincerely yours,

LINDLEY M. GARRISON,
Secretary of War.

Erie Road Lays Off 6,000 Men.
New York, Dec. 25.—It was announced that during the last thirty days the Erie railroad has laid off 6,000 employees in its shops, maintenance of way force and other departments because of closing down of mills and manufactories.

BOLL WEEVIL COME TO STAY

Poor Crop in Mississippi Last Year and Promise of a Poorer One.

Washington, Dec. 25.—General Thomas C. Catchings, of Vicksburg, Miss., formerly a member of the house of representatives, takes a gloomy view of the cotton boll weevil situation in the south, particularly in Mississippi. States in which cotton is one of the principal products may never get rid of the pest.

"In Mississippi," General Catchings said, "we have suffered this year more than in others from the ravages of the insect, with the result that we shall not have as good a crop of cotton as we did last year. The weather has been particularly good for the boll weevil."

Gold Filled Wire.

Since the perfection of gold filled metal the number of spectacle and eyeglass frames and mountings made of this material has shown a very large yearly increase. Considering the importance of gold filled wire and the many uses to which it is put it seems surprising that so little is really known of this and how nearly equal to solid gold it is for many uses. The term gold filled is somewhat misleading. Merely reversing it almost thoroughly explains both the material and the process.

Filled gold, as it might well be called, consists of a gold shell filled with an alloy of base metal. The popularity of gold filled is demonstrated by the fact that nearly \$1,000,000 of fine gold is used annually in one plant alone, and half of this is used in the

manufacture of the gold filled wire from which spectacles and eyeglass frames and mountings are made.—American Machinist.

Gladstone and Disraeli.

It was Disraeli at the Academy banquet who said that "the noble, distinctive trait of British art was its boundless fertility in imagination and fancy." In the reaction after the banquet, as he was going home with Mr. Goschen, he "descanted on English painters and deplored their total want of fancy and imagination." Being reminded by his companion that this was not exactly what he had led people to believe was his opinion in his speech at the banquet, "No," replied Disraeli, "but, then, my friend, one must be pleasant after dinner."

Very characteristic was the comment next morning of Mr. Gladstone, who glared at the companion and roared out: "Do you mean to say that he carried his ghastly insincerity with him those walls! It's hellish!"—Independent.

Shoes and Nerves.

Travelers say that the reason why nervous people don't exist in China is because it is there the custom to wear soft shoes. There is no doubt that hard soled, creaking footgear is responsible for much nervous wear and tear as well as much physical fatigue in western lands. Tired feet and tired nerves will find solace in a warm foot bath with a handful of sea salt in it. Move the feet about or keep them still as best pleases you as long as the water is pleasantly warm; then dry them with a rough towel and put on a fresh pair of stockings.—Dundee Advertiser.

EXPECTED BURGLAR.

Who Called as Anticipated and Carried Off an Empty Safe.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Burglars pried open the back door of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western station at Jamesville and carried away the safe on a handcar. There was no money in the safe, because the attack was anticipated by the station agent, T. B. Grace.

"Because of their activity in this vicinity recently we expected we would be visited by the yeggs next," said Mr. Grace, "and disposed of our valuables." The yeggs also ransacked some freight packages in the freight house.

MITCHEL SWORN IN AS NEW YORK MAYOR

Denies Story of Friction With Republican Leader Koenig.

New York, Dec. 25.—While persistent in his determination to make no announcements as yet as to his selections for his official cabinet, Mayor Elect John Purroy Mitchel took the oath of office. He was sworn in by Supreme Court Justice John Ford.

The mayor elect's formal induction into office will take place in the city hall at noon Jan. 1 and will be private, followed by a reception to the general public. At that time, so Mr. Mitchel

promises, he will name his appointees to the more important municipal posts.

Prompt denial was given by Mr. Mitchel to the published story that he and Samuel S. Koenig, Republican county chairman, have had a serious disagreement over patronage. Questioned over the telephone at his home concerning the report, Mr. Mitchel said: "I have not read the papers, but any story that there has been a disagreement between Mr. Koenig and myself is untrue. Mr. Koenig is here with me now and will join with me in saying so. The story was made up entirely out of the imagination of the writers."

Both Oscar S. Straus and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who succeeded in seeing Mr. Mitchel after prolonged waiting in his outer offices, denied that their visits had anything to do with candidates for office.

The First Ironclad.

The French were the first people to apply in a practical shape the idea of reviving the use of armor on the sides of ships. They constructed five floating batteries clad with four inches of iron. Of these the first was the *Tonnante*, mounting sixteen guns. She was launched at Brest in 1855. The first ironclad warship proper was the *La Gloire*, launched in November, 1859. *La Gloire* was of 5,000 tons displacement and 800 horse power. The famous *Merrimac* and *Moultre* gave the world the first fight between ironclads, but they were not the first mailed battleships. The *La Gloire* was afloat more than a year before the historic encounter in Hampton Roads.—New York American.

Geo. W. Johnson

Sanitary
Plumbing,
Tinning,
Heating and
Ventilating.

GIVE US A CALL

20 S. SECOND ST.
CLEARFIELD, - PENN.

D. F. GUELICH
DEALER IN

...COAL...

Mines close to town. Coal from the famous *Mechanics* vein. Also other veins suitable for steam and domestic purposes. A postal address to D. F. Guelich, Clearfield R. F. D. No. 3 will bring you a load of coal promptly. H. & C. Phone.

Another Supplement Next Sunday

(DECEMBER 28TH)

The third instalment of reproductions
in full color of

Violet Oakley's Paintings

—the famous William Penn pictures in the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg.

The demand for these pictures is very great, and notwithstanding the extra large editions printed, the supply is certain to run short in some places. To make sure of obtaining a complete set of the Cycle of Fifteen Pictures, place your order now with your news agent for the next six issues of the Sunday PUBLIC LEDGER.

PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY 2 CENTS

SUNDAY 5 CENTS

First Thing in the Morning Since 1836

Agent for Clearfield, Pa.
THE KURTZ STATIONERY STORE
Second St.

FOR THE AFTERNOON.

A Daring but Chic
Millinery Creation



STUNNING MODEL IN BLACK VELVET.

The Paris modistes deserve much praise this season, and not only for the beauty of their modes, but because they have finally succeeded in making a radical change in styles. Indeed, many millinery authorities say that the new hats are the best that they have seen in years. Without any idea of reflecting upon the genius of the French modistes, the millinery modes of the last year or so were rather monotonous and not as artistic as those that have just made their debut. It may be that the craze for tulle and lace during the summer inspired the creating of dashing faves, chic angles and the wonderful posing of trimmings. The posing of trimming is a noticeable feature of the stunning hat pictured. This adornment is of natural ostrich in blue, shading from a dark to light tone. The hat is of black velvet with a high flare at the back. This is one of the very smartest shapes of the season.

Out of the Garden.

Mr. Rural Hamlet (to ministerial agent)—Do have some more of the corn, Dr. Elgibly: it came out of our own garden. Little Buttin Hamlet—Yes, 'n' the chicken came out of our own garden too. Pa said he bet the folks next door would keep their hens at home after he caught a few more of 'em.—Judge.

MABEL'S CHITCHAT

Don't Let That Chronic Discontented Feeling "Git You."

GOOD FOR A RESOLUTION.

The Reason Why One is Often Held Up by the Wedding Present Habit—An Amusing Contradiction—"Sput" Society the Latest.

Dear Elsa—Do you ever feel thoroughly discontented with things in general? Do you ever say to yourself: "It's impossible to be happy and contented as I am. If I only had a little more money, if my work was a little bit more congenial and interesting, if I had time for my hobbies, how happy I could be!"

You do? Well, that's only human. Most of us feel like that every now and then, and my now and then is right now, so I'm going to "take it out" on you, my poor, patient Elsa.

You say it's a feeling one should guard against. Surely it is, and I realize as well as you do that it has a knack of growing and growing. This discontented spirit, until it becomes perilously near owning one entirely. When one reaches that state one lives in a fog of discontent. One is perpetually at war with one's surroundings—the immutable square peg in a round hole. And this is a very unpleasant and uncomfortable frame of mind to slip into. You're uncomfortable company for yourself and a perfect nuisance to your friends.

Yesterday Aunt Margaret was here, and I grumbled to her somewhat after the fashion of these vapors to you.

"My dear," said my venerable relative, "when you find yourself getting into this state of mind you have simply got to do one of two things—either you must change your circumstances or you must change your mind."

I humbly inquired what I should do to be saved.

"Well, my dear, I certainly don't mean that you can alter things by sitting down where you are and never stirring a finger to better conditions."

"No, dear. It means that when you cannot better things you must cheerfully endure what can't be cured."

"It sounds difficult. It is difficult. But it can be done. There is no need to be a slave to your thoughts. You can be their master. The gift of contentment can be cultivated."

Aunt Margaret insists that when the discontented spirit gets hold of one's mind one must think of what a number of people there are who are worse off than oneself and yet are happy and what a number of persons better off than oneself who let happiness slip away from them.

This depression is nothing more than a social crime and to be treated as

such. It is moral assault and battery. What right has one to spread discontent—to have bright, gay people come to one and to send them away dull and dispirited?

So, dear, my New Year's resolution is going to be a change of mind, and when the goblin of discontent "gits" me I am going to shoo him off and to think immediately of pleasant and encouraging things.

I don't see why I feel so much like lecturing you today. Probably it is because I can't help realizing that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Now for gayer things.

I wonder how many wedding presents are sent because the donors really want to. Precious few, I reckon. I have been obliged to give so many of these gifts this season simply because it was the proper thing to do.

A rather amusing incident occurred at a recent fashionable wedding I attended. A bachelor, talking to the bride's mother, who was showing the wedding presents, exclaimed on pointing to a clock among several others:

"Ah, a stunning piece, by Jove! Just my idea of the real thing!"

"Yes," murmured the lady, "we did not know you unmarried men had such excellent judgment on these things."

He was still puzzling over the meaning of her reply when his sister, who always buys his presents for him, tagged at his coat sleeve and whispered:

"Don't be an ass. It's the one you are supposed to have sent."

Apropos of the "fancies" adorning our hats this winter, I am going to ask, Are you a "sput"?

"Sputs" are people who sputter when their eyes are almost put out or their noses tickled by the long, fluffy feathers projecting at acute angles from milady's hat. Well, a crabbed old gentleman out for his health on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus the other afternoon had his nerves upset by the intermittent brushing in his eyes of what looked like a mouse on a stick, but which turned out to be a little bunch of gray fur on a wire. That did not soothe the poor man much.

"These females must be stopped," he sputtered. "Why should our comfort be endangered just for their idiotic fashions? I'll form a society and get a law passed prohibiting women from wearing feathers more than twelve inches long."

Dick says he is going out now to join the old man's feather brigade. Sympathize with yours faithfully, New York. MABEL.

Modest.

"Jibway seems to be an unusually modest man."

"Indeed he is. Why, Jibway can climb down from a Pullman car while his train hesitates at a little country station and walk up and down the station platform without looking as if he owned the railroad."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

"To hell with this court!" said an I. W. W. member in Kansas City. He was fined \$50.

President Wilson has nominated George W. Wolf as assistant appraiser of merchandise at New York.

The house passed the omnibus war claims bill, carrying an appropriation of \$1,729,021.11.

Scores of skeletons of a race of giants, twelve feet in height, were dug up on a drainage project at Crowville, La.

Palo la Baribieri of Utica, N. Y., was sentenced to ten years for placing a bomb at the door of a wealthy merchant.

Three negroes seized Mrs. Seth Irby of Jefferson county, Ga., and cut her throat while her children begged for mercy.

Mrs. Albert S. Burleson, wife of Postmaster General Burleson, saw her playlet, "The Secretary," produced at a theater.

Governor Dunne of Illinois granted Henry Spencer, murderer of Mildred Allison-Reynolds, sentenced to die Friday, a four weeks' stay.

Armies of Animals.

Some idea of the vast numbers of animals that Africa used to support can be gained from a passage in W. Scully's reminiscences. It was Mr. Scully's good fortune in 1892 to witness the last great trek of springboks from east to west of the Bushmanland desert—a trek on a scale such as no man will ever see again. Fencing, the increase of population and the distribution of arms have almost exterminated the once innumerable host. He says, "I have stood on an eminence some twenty feet high, far out on the plains, and seen the absolutely level surface as far as the eye could reach covered with resting springboks, while from over the eastern horizon the rising columns of dust told of fresh hosts advancing."

Constipation

Impossible to be well. The foe to good health. Correct at once. Ayer's Pills. One at bedtime. Sold for 60 years. Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

KEELEY TREATMENT
successfully used for 34 years.
Removes all desire for drink or drugs.
4246 Fifth Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

We Do Late Printing

Clearfield's Large General Store

is well able to supply the late shoppers. Stocks replenished as sold, and at this late hour we have large assortments to select from.

Shoes	Ladies' Neckwear	Furs
Slippers	Ladies' Umbrellas	Silk Waists
Gloves	Men's Umbrellas	Petticoats
Men's Shirts	Jewelry Sundries	Chinaware
Men's Ties	Wool Blankets	Glassware
Hosiery	Cotton Blankets	Nuts
Trunks	Haps	Fruits
Rain Coats	Carpet Sweepers	Candy
Hand Bags	Handkerchiefs	Dinner Sets
Suit Cases	Dress Materials	Toilet Sets
Ribbons	Table Linens	Lamps

ROSS & WOODS

Next to Post Office 113-115 Market Street

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$1,065,000
Total Resources 4,000,000

Commercial Accounts

The commercial accounts of business men are especially welcomed by this bank.

The amount of its invested capital and the extent of its total resources have enabled it in the past to meet the needs of its depositors and insure its ability to do so for the future.

The officers will appreciate an opportunity to discuss your banking needs with you.

What You Pay In

CLASS 1. U-Pay 1c the first week, 2c the second week, and 1c additional to each deposit for 50 weeks.

CLASS 2. U-Pay 2c the first week and 2c additional to each deposit for 50 weeks.

CLASS 5. U-Pay 5c the first week and 5c additional to each deposit for 50 weeks.

CLASS 5A. U-Pay \$2.50 the first week and 5c less each week for 50 weeks.

The Christmas Saving Club

OF THE

Clearfield National Bank

THE PURPOSE/OF THE CHRISTMAS SAVING CLUB is to help you to accumulate a fund for Christmas and incidentally to demonstrate to you the ease with which you can accustom yourself to saving a portion of your earnings.

THE ADVANTAGE to you of joining in the operation of this CLUB is that you form the habit of SAVING and you accomplish this with no burden to yourself nor of any sacrifice on your part for you can begin with a deposit of ONE CENT if you desire.

THE RESULT of your joining in this effort is that at the end of the year in DECEMBER, 1914, the CLEARFIELD NATIONAL BANK will mail you check for the Full Amount of Your Total Deposit with THREE PER CENT. INTEREST Added To it.

THE CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB of the CLEARFIELD NATIONAL BANK will help you save a fund for use at Christmas time or for a vacation; it will help you on the way to financial independence and make easy the accumulation of savings which in time of illness or emergency will stand as a bulwark to protect YOU from want and distress.

Q FIRST DEPOSITS WILL BE ACCEPTED DECEMBER 16th, 1913, or any day thereafter until JANUARY 9th, 1914.

Clearfield National Bank
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

What You Take Out

DURING

Dec., 1914

At the end of 50 weeks you would have on deposit under

CLASS 1
\$12.75

And Interest

CLASS 2
\$25.50

And Interest

CLASS 5
\$63.75

And Interest

CLASS 5A
\$63.75

And Interest

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published Every Day Except
Sunday by the

The Progressive Publishing Co.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Official organ of the Washington
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Robert H. Sommerville, President.
James H. Minds, Vice President.
E. W. Hess, Treasurer.
Harry A. Reed, Sec. and Gen. Mgr.
John R. Bixler, Editor.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year	\$3.00
Six Months	1.50
One Month	.25
Three Months	.75

Entered at the Post Office at
Clearfield, Pa., as mail matter of the
second class.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1913.

Good evening! Have you ex-
changed those undesirable presents
yet?

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

There is a whole temperance lec-
ture in the effect of a drunken man's
cry of fire in Italian hall, Calumet,
Michigan, on Christmas day. As a
result of that false alarm seventy
two persons, mostly little children,
were either trampled to death or
died of suffocation after being thrown
to the floor of the hall by the panic-
stricken people who had gathered to

witness the Christmas day exercises.
This terrible catastrophe would
have been averted had not the un-
known man who raised the alarm
been so besotted with drink that he
was lost to all sense of humanity
and temporarily deprived of the
ability to realize the enormity of
his offense. But drunken to be-
stiality, this individual gave voice
to a cry which at all times converts
people from sanity to insanity, with
the result that little children who had
taken part in the Christmas celebra-
tion were crushed to death.

In the case of this man rum turned
him into a fiend and he was ready
to act as the agent of destruction
of the lives of innocent little children.
Fortunately for him, he escaped after
the audience had become panic-
stricken and could not be brought to
punishment for his terrible crime. Pos-
sibly men of his class cannot be
reached with good advice, but the
awful lesson taught by this horror
should sink deep into the minds of
other men who permit strong drink
to make beasts of them.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Let those who have no poetry in
their souls and who are fit for trea-
son, state-games and spoils scoff at
nature's handiwork, if they will, those
who have eyes to see and brains
to appreciate could not help gazing
with delight at the grand display of
Artistic beauty which had been placed
on exhibition during Christmas night.
The scenes presented to the eye Fri-
day morning were such as to draw
from the hearts of the people ex-
clamations of pleasure.

The beautiful snow came down
heavily and in bulk. It covered the
earth and the things on the earth.
Trees and their limbs and branches
gathered the flakes to themselves
and scattered them over the unwary
pedestrian. Wires and clothes lines
were festooned with the white sub-
stance. Roofs were soon covered,
promising trouble to those residents
who thought of the weak rafters.
Sidewalks which have not yet been
cleared of a former snowfall had
several inches of snow added to the
accumulation, much to the sorrow

of the man whose wife is too deli-
cate to shovel snow.

The snow covered and hid from
view a multitude of things which it
might be well not to mention. Ash
heaps disappeared as if by magic.
Old tin cans, alley rubbish and last
summer's birds' nests all wore white
overcoats which only a warm sun
can remove. The mud in the streets
was lost to view for a time, and
naught marred the pearly coverlet
that nature had spread over Mother
Earth.

There is nothing so beautiful as a
damp snow which clings to all kinds
of objects, yet a big fall of snow
will develop more rheumatism in the
limbs and more "misery" in the
backs of the delicately nurtured men
whose wives are robust enough to
wield the snow shovel than even an
invitation to beat the carpets at a
spring house cleaning will.

If you didn't use your camera Fri-
day you missed a chance to get
some very rare pictures.

A western judge has granted a
divorce to a woman who claimed
that her husband objected to her
dancing the tango, visiting shows and
otherwise enjoying herself after the
fashion of the day among women. Hu-
mane judge, he had pity on the poor
persecuted husband.

Luzerne county saloon keepers re-
fused to close their bars on Christ-
mas. There are more murders com-
mitted in Luzerne county than in
any other county in Pennsylvania.

Pity the maiden who stood under
the mistletoe without avail.

While you are waiting to make
new year's resolutions get busy on
that snow-covered sidewalk.

The Indicting Instinct.

"Do you think women ought to hold
public office?"

"Well, in some cases. But, judging
from the way they talked about every
body in the community I'd hate to
have those who met at my house yes-
terday on a grand jury."—Washington

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

The Abdomen.

If you wish to avoid having a
protuberant abdomen, exercise
freely and avoid an excess of
sweets and starchy foods. In
bending, stooping, climbing and
squatting the abdominal muscles
are brought into play and kept
in good condition.

Whenever possible exercise in
the open air. Walking, running,
swimming and mountain climb-
ing will develop the lungs, chest
and heart and put on muscle in
stead of ugly, superfluous fat.
One great advantage about these
exercises is that they are free
and can be enjoyed by the poor
as well as the wealthy.

Premiums Upon Babies.

Augustus, emperor of Rome, made
babies a passport to office. By the
Lex Papia Poppaea, passed in A. D.
9, definite preference as regards office
was given to the fathers of satisfac-
torily large families. Such fathers were
eligible for office before twenty-five.
They took precedence of colleagues
with no children or fewer than three
and were preferred all round. The
privilege was called the "jus trium lib-
erorum" (three children privilege) but
the qualifying number, three in Rome
was four in Italy five in the prov-
inces. The system, however, never
worked well.

A Snow Hurricane.

The blizzard, or snow hurricane of the
Pamirs is a meteorological phenom-
enon of great interest. Even in mid-
summer the temperature during a
snow blizzard frequently falls to 14 de-
grees F., while in one winter it drop-
ped to 45 degrees below zero at the
end of January. The blizzard comes
with startling suddenness, the atmos-
phere growing dark with whirling
snowflakes where scarcely a minute
before the sky was perfectly clear.

Very Sad.

First Salesman—A woman was ar-
rested downstairs this morning. Sec-
ond Salesman—What for? First Sales-
man—She was caught in the act of
concealing a hand mirror. Second
Salesman—Poor woman! That's what
comes of taking a glass too much.—
Chicago News

PERSONAL MENTION

Clayton Rowles spent Christmas at
his home in Paradise.

Ermitt Ellenberger, who has been a
teaching school at State college, is
spending his Christmas vacation with
his parents on West Market street.

Stanly Chase, who is conducting
a tailoring establishment in Jersey
Shore, is spending a few days with
his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chase,
on West 4th avenue.

Elmer Kurtz, from the Culver Mil-
itary school, is spending his vaca-
tion with his parents on West Mar-
ket street.

Philip Kennedy is spending his va-
cation with his parents on the West
Side.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Roop spent
Christmas with Mrs. Roop's father,
J. W. Undercoffer. Mr. Roop, who
is superintendent of the rolling mills
here returned home the same even-
ing. Before returning to Clearfield
Mrs. Roop will visit relatives in
Philadelphia.

Miss Sara Cummings, historical
sciences teacher in the public schools
of Clearfield, is visiting her old home
in New Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaudin Kragle, of
Phillipsburg and William J. Kragle,
of Columbus, Ohio, spent Christmas
with the young men's father, John
L. Kragle, on Locust street.

Miss Helen Johnson is the guest
of Pittsburgh friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stage, of
Youngstown, Ohio are visiting Mr.
Stage's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac
Stage, of Fourth avenue.

Mrs. James F. Fletcher, of Pine
street, is entertaining as her guest
Mrs. Smith, of Tyrone.

Miss Dorothy Woodward, who is
spending her Christmas vacation with
her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. H.

Woodward, will have charge of the
Epworth League at Trinity church at
6:45 tomorrow evening.

Frederick Burchfield, manager of
the Western Union Telegraph office
at Ocoola, spent Christmas with his
mother in town.

Al Neveling, of the Baltimore medi-
cal college, is spending his vacation
with his parents on 3rd st.

Lula Remanier spent Christmas
with her mother on Weaver street.

Mrs. M. J. Fry, of Westover, and
daughter, Flora, teacher of the school
at Turtle Creek, spent Christmas
with their friends, Dr. J. M. Grogan
and family.

Miss Alice Lehman, of Clearfield,
is in the private hospital of Dr. Mc-
Quirk, at Phillipsburg, where she was
operated on for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sholt spent
Christmas with friends in Phila-
delphia.

Frank H. M. Culley, of Ocoola,
Miss, was in town today and qual-
ified as a justice of the peace to
succeed the late J. A. Gallagher.

John A. Dale, Esq. of Corvau-
ville, was attending to business in the
city today.

John Shugarts, of Mount Union,
Huntingdon county, is visiting in this
section at present.

Wade Snyder and daughter, Miss
Nancy, of Wmber, were the guests
of the former's parents, Mr. and
Mrs. S. I. Snyder, on Market street,
this week.

What Ailed Him.

"They tell me you've lost your head
man."

"Yep, best farm hand I ever had."

"Sho! What was the matter?"

"Nothin'. John's a German, you
know, and these here Germans has
what they call the wanderlust. It's
somethin' thet keeps 'em movin' down
one place to t'other and don't let 'em
stay long anywhere."

"That's queer, ain't it? How long
had John been with you?"

"Only eleven years."—Cleveland

LEITZINGER BROS.

LEITZINGER BROS.

After Christmas Sale AT GREAT PRICE REDUCTIONS Commences Saturday, December 27th '13 And will be in Force Balance of Year

To the buyers from now to the last day of this year THIS SALE
MEANS LARGE SAVINGS

2nd FLOOR LEADS IN BIG REDUCTIONS

- ☐ A fine lot of Millinery at half price and less.
- ☐ Our entire stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats and Suits, some at half price and less. Some less 1-4 to 1-3 of regular value. All of them at a substantial reduction.
- ☐ GOWNS AND DRESSES. For street, afternoon and evening wear. New and old, every garment will be subject to this sale.

☐ ALL OVER THE LARGE STORE you can invest your Christmas money at a saving

LEITZINGER BROS., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

☐ OUR SPLENDID STOCK OF FURS will be placed on sale during these special days at prices you will not often see on such fine selected Furs so early in the season.

A CLEAN UP SALE ON TOYS, GAMES, DOLLS and all Basement Christmas Goods

☐ The entire stock has been reasorted and prices reduced.

Our January Clearance Sale, Starts Saturday, Dec. 27th

Ahead of Everybody, Even the Calendar

Women's Ready-to-wear Garments, Suits, Coats, Waists, Dresses and Furs at the Lowest Price notch for the year
SALE STARTS SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 27th, 1913

January Clearance Prices on Dresses



Women's Serge, Poplin and Velvet Dresses Less than Half Price

We have had the best dress season in the history of the store. Hundreds of dresses have been sold.

We have just 44 dresses left and we have placed on them such low prices as will insure a quick clearance.

At \$3.95 Only group of 12 dresses that are worth from \$7.50 to \$10.00. Materials are Serges and Shepherd's Checks.

At \$4.95 This lot includes ten dresses that are worth from \$7.50 to \$12.50. Clearance price \$4.95.

At \$5.95 Only six dresses in this lot, but they are choice styles and worth from \$10 to \$15.

At \$9.95 Just four Velvet dresses in this lot, worth from \$17.50 to \$20.

Women's Tailored Suits at Clearance Prices

The warm unseasonable weather this Fall caused a lack of interest in heavy coats, but made tailored suits very much in demand, therefore we have only a limited amount to offer in this Clearance Sale, so if you have put off buying until now you will profit by these reductions. We have made four groups of them at prices that spell a rapid clearance.

\$9.75, \$14.75, \$19.75, \$24.75

\$9.75 For Suits regular price \$15 and 16.50.

\$14.75 For Suits regular price \$19.50 and 22.50.

\$19.75 For Suits regular price \$25 and 27.50.

\$24.75 For Suits regular price \$35 and 40.00.

Special Lot of Suits at \$5.00

There are just twelve Suits in this lot were from last season, most of them were worth up to \$25; good length coats and material and workmanship all that could be desired. Clearance Price \$5.00.



WINTER COATS AT BIG REDUCTIONS. IN MANY INSTANCES LESS THAN HALF.

A weather man told us last Fall that we would have a cold winter. On this advice we prepared with double the stock of Coats we usually buy.

You know that the weather man as well as ourselves made a wrong guess. Hence we have an unusually large stock of coats to go into the Clearance Sale, and our loss will be your gain, with winter just coming on you'll have three months of good service out of a coat purchased now at about half price.

\$3.95 A group of twelve women's warm winter coats, materials are mixtures, chinchillas, plush and caracul, former price \$7.50 to \$12.50. Clearance Price \$3.95.

\$5.95 There are sixteen coats in this lot, and everyone represents an opportunity of a life time. They are heavy mixed cloakings, and a few plain colored cloakings, regular values from \$12.50 to \$15.00. Clearance price \$5.95

\$7.95 At this price the assortment is large and varied. There being thirty-four stylish winter coats actual worth from \$13.50 to \$19.75, materials are mixtures, boucle, chinchilla, serges and astrakan. Clearance price \$7.95



\$9.95 At this price we offer thirty-six Coats that are the best values in Coats we've ever offered. Among them are coats that were formerly \$25.00. They are good warm winter coats, with style and durability. Colors are black, brown, navy, and grays. Materials represented are Chinchilla, Boucle, Astrakan, Serge, Brocade Velour, Imitation Mole Skin and a fine assortment of Mixtures; all good styles and full run of sizes. Clearance Sale Price \$9.95.

\$12.95 Sixteen Coats in this lot, but sizes are well assorted. The materials are Boucle, Plain Chinchilla, Cut Chinchilla and Plain Cloakings. Some are lined throughout with Brocade lining, others with Plain Heavy satin. Regular price \$22.50 and \$25.00. Clearance Price \$12.95

\$14.95 A group of twenty-five Coats at this price. There is such a variety of cloths and styles at this price that space does not permit us to describe them as we would like. The materials are Persiannas, Boucle, Astrakan, Velours, Duveytien and Chinchilla. Some have fur collars and cuffs, some are full length coats others are 45 and 48 inches long. Values up to \$35.00. Clearance price \$14.95

\$19.95 Here you have a choice of any coat in the store value up to \$40.00. There are twenty of these high grade coats, each with an individual style all its own. Clearance price \$19.75.

FURS AND FUR COATS AT CLEARANCE PRICES



Right at the beginning of winter comes to you our January Clearance Prices on beautiful Warm Fur Garments, which means that you can now buy your winter furs at but a fraction of actual values, for here you'll find liberal reductions of all Fur Pieces, Fur Muffs, Fur Scarfs, Fur Sets and Fur Coats.

\$ 45.00 Black Pony Coats, 45 inches	\$29.75
50.00 Black Pony Coats, Shawl Collar	39.50
65.00 Black Pony Coats, Shawl Collar	47.50
85.00 Black Pony Coats	67.50
95.00 Black Pony Coats, Fur Collar	75.00
100.00 Black Pony Coats, Fur Collar and Cuffs	77.50
75.00 Marmot Coat, Shawl Collar	57.50
100.00 Marmot Coat, Beaver Collar	77.50
150.00 Hudson Seal Coat	95.00
Children's Fur Sets	\$1.50 to \$10.00
Misses' Fur Sets	5.00 to 16.50
Ladies' Neckpieces	2.50 to 45.00
Ladies' Fur Muffs	2.50 to 65.00

BEAUTIFUL WAISTS AT CLEARANCE PRICES

At 69c Women's warm flannelette tailored waists, gray and tan, grounds with blue and white, black and white, gray and white stripe with tailored separate collar and attached cuffs, regular price \$1.00. January Clearance Price 69c.

At 98c Women's sheer white voile and batiste waists, high or low neck, long sleeve with embroidery hemstitching and frills, regular \$1.50 value. January Clearance Price 98c.

At \$1.98 High-class \$2.50 and \$3.50 white voile, crepe, batiste and marquisette waists, high or low neck, long sleeve, beautifully trimmed with lace, frills and embroidery. Clearance Price \$1.98.

At \$2.95 Beautiful fine net and shadow lace waists, frills and ribbon trimmed, regular \$4.00 values. January Clearance Sale Price, \$2.95.



A. W. LEONARDSON CO., 229-231 MARKET STREET

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Fourth Quarter,
For Dec. 28, 1913.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Quarterly Review,
Read Josh. xxiv—Golden Text, John
iii, 16—Commentary by Rev. D. M.
Stearns.

LESSON I.—Moses' Cry For Help.
Num. xi, 10-15, 24, 25. Golden Text.
Jas. v, 16, "The supplication of a
righteous man availeth much in its
working." The continual complaining
of his rebellious people was enough to
ar any one out and led Moses to
say, "It is too heavy for me," but he
ways took everything to the Lord in
prayer. This was one of the occasions
when he felt unnecessarily burdened,
as if he had to do it.

LESSON II.—Jealousy and Envy Punished.
Num. xii, Golden Text, I Cor.
xiii, 4, 5, "Love envieth not; love vaunteth
not itself, is not puffed up, doth not
behave itself unseemly." The devil is
ever at work in the world and in the
church, but it is sad indeed when he
is allowed to enter a Christian household.
It should be said of Christians,
"See how these believers love one another."

LESSON III.—The Report of the Spies.
Num. xiii, 1-3, 25-33. Golden Text.
Rom. viii, 31, "If God is for us, who is
against us?" To inquire if what God
says is true or to question if He is
able to do as He has said is indeed
bad business. The shepherds did better
who said, "Let us go and see this
thing which has come to pass" (Luke ii,
15). When the Lord is as real to us
as He was to Caleb and Joshua we will
not consider giant difficulties of any
kind.

LESSON IV.—The Sin of Moses and
Aaron. Num. xx, 1-13. Golden Text.
Ps. xix, 14, "Let the words of my
mouth and the meditation of my heart
be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah,
my Rock and my Redeemer." The failure
of Moses on the line of meekness
after forty years of victory and intercession
for such a people should humble
us all in the dust before God and
lead us never for one moment to trust
ourselves in any way.

LESSON V.—Balaak and Balaam. Num.
xxii, 2-4; xxiv, 10-19. Golden Text.
Jas. i, 8, "A double minded man, un-
stable in all his ways." Every phase
of human nature is set before us in
Scripture, but Balaam is one of the
strangest, ready to do anything for
money, even to curse the people of
God, and yet afraid to go against God
and ready to speak His messages, yet
a leader of the Lord's people into sin-
ful ways (Rev. ii, 14).

LESSON VI.—Abstinence For the Sake
of Others. Rom. xiv, 7-21. Golden Text.
Rom. xiv, 21, "It is good not to eat
flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do any-
thing whereby thy brother stumbleth." As
the Lord Jesus Christ is our only
Saviour, He should be our only exam-
ple, and His approval our only aim.

LESSON VII.—The Death of Moses.
Deut. xxxiv, 1-12. Golden Text, Ps.
cxvi, 15, "Precious in the sight of Je-
hovah is the death of His saints." In
some respects the most remarkable
death and burial on record, as his was
also in some respects the most remark-
able life ever lived. No other man who
died and was buried was ever seen on
earth hundreds of years later and re-
cognized by mortals.

LESSON VIII.—Joshua the New
Leader. Josh. i, 1-9. Golden Text,
Josh. i, 9, "Be strong and of good
courage." Remember the ten times
this exhortation is found (see notes on
this lesson) and associate with it the
five "Be of good cheer" of the Lord
Jesus (Matt. ix, 2, 22; xiv, 27; John
xvi, 33; Acts xxiii, 11). Make much of
the assurance "I will be with thee; I
will not fail thee" (verse 5), and the
"Be not afraid of" of verse 9.

LESSON IX.—Crossing the Jordan.
Josh. iii, 7-17. Golden Text, Isa. xli,
10, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee."
Remember the faith of Rahab and the
story of the scarlet line; also the prom-
incent place of the ark of the covenant
in chapters iii and iv. See the object
in dividing the Red sea and the Jordan,
that the name of the Lord might be
magnified and that all the people of
the earth might know the hand of the
Lord (Isa. lxiii, 12-14; Josh. iv, 24).

LESSON X.—The Fall of Jericho. Josh.
vi, 8-11, 14-20. Golden Text, Mark
ix, 23, "All things are possible to him
that believeth." Note again the prom-
inence of the ark of the covenant and
the only sound heard, that of the trump-
ets of rams' horns. All victory is in
the name of the Lord Jesus and by
virtue of His precious blood. Before
Him all Jerichos fall, all difficulties
vanish.

LESSON XI.—The Sin of Achan. Josh.
vii, 1-15. Golden Text, Num. xxxii,
23, "Be sure your sin will find you
out." We are assured of victory and of
being able to say, "Thanks be unto
God, who always causeth us to triumph
in Christ" (II Cor. ii, 14), but it is
on condition of obedience and of
pleasing, and not grieving the Holy
Spirit.

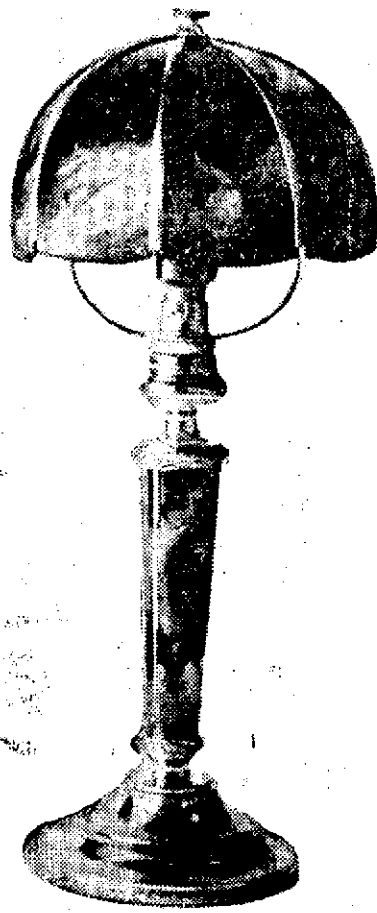
LESSON XII.—The Word Made
Flesh. John i, 1-18. Golden Text, John
i, 14, "And the word became flesh and
dwelt among us." The same one who
created heaven and earth and talked
with Adam and Eve, with Enoch,
Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses
and Joshua, became one of us, sin ex-
cepted, by being born of Mary. He was
unknown on earth except by a few; He
is very little known now, but to all
who receive Him He gives the priv-
ilege of becoming children of God.

LAMPS FOR GIFTS.

Porcelain Figures Used in Dainty and
Novel Design.

A graceful boudoir lamp designed
for a Christmas offering utilizes one
of the dainty French porcelain figures
that have made a place for themselves
lately. The lamp stands about ten
inches high. The stem of the lamp is
of dull brass, and the shade is of rose
colored silk. Through the stem runs
an electric wire to the bulb, which
gives light under the shade.

Under the shade sits the graceful
porcelain figure. She is dressed like a
medieval queen, with a small veil of
tulle bound about her head by a jewel.



IN HOLLY RED TRANSPARENT GLASS.

ed gilt lace band. Her dress is made
of crimson silk, much trimmed with
lace and tiny flowers and gold lace.
And a mantle of crimson velvet, lined
with blue, is draped over the back of
the chair she sits on. A porcelain dog
fawns beside her.

The little group is really charming.
In fact, all the small porcelain figures
are charming. Their real hair is ar-
ranged in lifelike fashion, their hands

and arms are well modeled, their fig-
ures are natural, and their coloring is
delightful.

The electric lamp pictured is a more
practical design carried out in holly
red glass.

Odd Workbasket.

Nearly everything in the world can
be made to serve a double purpose if
one only has a little ingenuity. Take,
for instance, the summer hat, the soft,
floppy straw hat that was in vogue this
year. This hat can be made into a
workbasket for Christmas.

First rip off all the trimmings, then
turn the hat upside down. Take some
silk or cretonne to harmonize with the
straw and line the inside of the crown,
making a tiny full all around the
edge. Put bias pieces of the material
here and there along the sides of the
basket in which to insert papers of
needles and spoons of thread. Make
also a flimsy case, which you sew se-
curely to the frilled edge.

Rip off a section of straw from the
brim of the hat and with this make a
handle, or if the brim is not wide
enough use ribbon, with a bow at the
top. The summer hat has become a
useful article.

A Talking Clock.

Have you seen the new talking
clock? It is decidedly new in clock-
kind and would make a very suitable
present for this winter's bride. The
case is made of dark walnut or mahog-
any and is about fourteen inches high.
On first looking at it one would im-
agine that it was simply an ordinary
clock, although a very good looking
one. But if fortunate enough to hear
the hours and half hours announced
one might be startled to hear a deep
man's voice call out, "Half past 3."

By means of a phonograph installed
inside of the body of the frame this
unnatural timepiece is given a voice
very unlike the ordinary wooden clock,
which in all appearance it resembles
so closely.

Washing a Chamois Garment.

The secret is in not having the water
too hot or letting it get cold. Make a
loap jelly by slicing white soap in
water and boiling it. Put enough of
this into warm water to make a good
suds and wash the article in it. If the
garment is quite soiled repeat as often
as necessary; then rinse in water of
the same temperature made quite
soapy with the jelly. Squeeze, but do
not wring the garment, and hang to
dry in a warm place. Keep squeezing
the water out and patting between the
hands to soften the skin while it is
drying.

Gave Her a Tip.

Wife—Do you love me still, dear?
Hub—Why, yes. But you're never
still.—Boston Transcript.

THE THRIFTY MAN IS ALWAYS AHEAD

HE is not absolutely dependent upon his pay envelope.
He has money put away and when a chance to
make some money by a timely purchase turns up, he is
ready for it.

BE THRIFTY--Dollars are slippery things, they
go through ones fingers before he knows it. The sure
way is to open an account with us and the dollars are in
a safe place and will not tempt you to spend them.

Clearfield Trust Company

GREAT PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE

in business methods, and this bank has
kept pace with them.

While conservative in the interest of
SAFETY, our equipment and business meth-
ods are modern. Let us do business
together to our mutual advantage.

Clearfield National Bank

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital \$200,000

Surplus \$200,000

ROYAL Baking Powder

Makes
the lightest
most
delicious
and
tasty
hot biscuit

No other baking powder equals it in effective-
ness, purity and wholesomeness.

Royal Baking Powder

is indispensable
to the prepa-
ration of the
finest cake,
hot-breads, rolls
and muffins.

ROYAL
Has No Substitute

TO BEAUTIFY THE HOME.

Wall Paper in Damask Designs Popu-
lar This Winter.

The interior walls of our houses are
claiming the attention now of archi-
tects as well as decorators, and never
were more interesting fabrics and pa-
pers assembled from which to select.
The paneled room in wall paper is
popular, sometimes making each wall
into a panel with broad bands of roses.
At other times two or three panels to
a side with conventionalized borders
are used. It is suited to a colonial
room, and with the old colonial furni-
ture nothing could be more appropriate
and charming.

Wall papers in damask designs are
popular. They suggest a pattern, but
are carried out in one tone. The real
damask is used also, very much coarser
than our table damask, but it is made
in many colors, which make possible
many beautiful effects.

The curtain materials now at the
best decorators show the beautiful old
heavy colorings of the early centuries.
Cotton tapestries are seen carrying out
the early English needlework. Mer-
cerized goods are in great demand,
especially the damasks in solid colors.
The new cretonnes displayed are won-
derful, many being in Chinese designs.
There are serges in colors and designs
which make a beautiful curtain drap-
ery.

CONSCIENCE.

Why should we ever go abroad,
even across the way, to ask a neigh-
bor's advice? There is a nearer
neighbor within us incessantly tell-
ing us how we should behave, but
we wait for the neighbor without to
tell us of some false, easier way.—
Thoreau.

COMPENSATION.

The whole story of earthly exist-
ence is one of compensations. Many
a gift we craved and were denied
held in its train the we are glad to
have been spared. Many a sorrow
that has darkened our way, though
its memory may still remain bitter,
has wrought some change of char-
acter or conditions that we would
be unwilling to give up.

Classifying an Audience.

A popular lecturer once classified his
audience as follows: The "well at-
tentive," the "quick responsive," the
"hard to lift," the "won't applaud,"
and the "get up and go outa."—London
Telegraph.

The Typewriter Used by "Big Business"

—Yours for 17 Cents a Day!

The Oliver Typewriter No. 5--the famous Printype Model used by the world's
greatest firms and corporations--is offered to anyone, anywhere, for 17 Cents a Day.
The same model which the purchasing agents of "Big Business" buy by the
HUNDRED, now sold to the public for PENNIES.

Sold at the regular \$100 price, but ON TERMS SO EASY that each machine
quickly pays for itself. The price includes all the latest improvements, the special
time-saving devices and the beautiful new Printype obtainable only on this model.

A Profit-Sharing Agency Plan

We now have in operation in the United States and
Canada more than 15,000 Oliver Local Agencies. These
agents have received hundreds of thousands of dollars in
profits on sales of Oliver Typewriters.

There are still hundreds of places where no agencies
are established.

Applicants for Oliver Local Agencies must be earnest
workers. They need not have had previous experience.

We enroll them at once in The Oliver School of
Practical Salesmanship and teach them selling--all as part
of the free training given Oliver Agents.

When they have proved their worth, we promote them
to the direct service, in which they may rise to the
highest positions in the Company.

One of our general officials began his Oliver career as
a Local Agent at Waco, Texas.

Printype
OLIVER
Typewriter

Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver is the best seller because it is the best typewriter. It has many exclusive features. It is the only type-
writer that PRINTS PRINT. It really owns and controls Printype, now conceded to be the greatest single advance
ever made in typewriter construction.

We GUARANTEE Printype to be exclusively used on Oliver Typewriters.

Oliver Agents sell Printype Oliver in thousands. The demand is voluntary and steady.

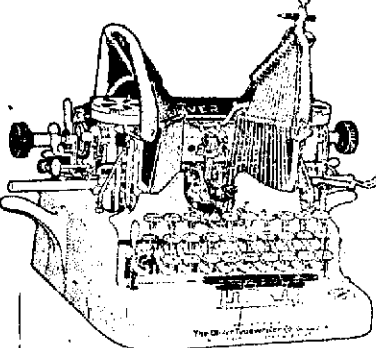
Oliver Agents are permitted to sell our 17-cents-a-Day Plan, which
puts the Oliver in everyone's reach. Agents may even secure their own
sample outfits on the 17-Cents-a-Day Plan and let their agency earnings
help to carry the deal.

Oliver agents are protected in exclusive selling rights in the territory
given them. They own the local typewriter business.

When you apply, be sure to give some details about the typewriter sales
possibilities of your town, village or city.

And Don't Delay

We like and reward promptness.
Full details of Agency Proposition, a specimen of Printype, the 17-Cents-
a-Day Plan and other interesting information will be sent immediately on
receipt of your application.



The Oliver Typewriter Company

800 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

HARRY A. REED Special Oliver Representative for Clearfield and Curwensville.

REX BEACH ADVENTURE STORIES

The Test

By REX BEACH

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PIERRE "FEROCÉ" showed disapproval in his every attitude as plainly as disgust peers from the seams in his dark face. It lurked in his scowl and in the curl of his long rawhide that bit among the sled dogs. So at least thought Willard as he clung to the swinging sled.

They were skirting the coast, keeping to the glare ice, wind swept and clean, that lay outside the jumbled shore pack. The team ran silently in the free gait of the gray wolf, romping in harness from pure joy of motion and the intoxication of perfect life, making the sled runners whine like the song of a cutlass.

This route is dangerous, of course, from hidden cracks in the ice, and most travelers hug the bluffs, but he who rides with Pierre "Ferocé" takes chances. It was this that had won him the name of "Wild" Pierre, the most reckless, careless man of the north, a scoffer at peril, bolting through danger with rush and frenzy, straining sheerly by vigor those obstacles which destroy strong men in the north.

The power that pulsed within him gleamed from his eyes, rang in his song, showed in the aggressive thrust of his sensual face.

This particular morning, however, Pierre's distemper had crystallized into a great contempt for his companion. Of all trials the most detestable is to hit the trail with half a man, a pale, anaemic weakling like this stranger.

Though modest in the extent of his learning, Pierre gloated in a freedom of speech the which no man dared deny him. He turned to eye his companion cynically for a second time, and contempt was patent in his gaze. Willard appeared slender and pallid in his furs, though his clear cut features spoke a certain strength and much refinement.

"Bah! I think you dam poor feller!" he said finally. "Ow you going stan' them trip, eh? She's need beeg mans, not little runt like you."

Amusement at this frankness glim mered in Willard's eyes.

"You're like all ignorant people. You think in order to stand hardship a man should be able to toss a sack of flour in his teeth or juggle a cask of salt horse."

"Sure 'ting," grinned Pierre. "That's right. Look at me. Mebbe you hear 'bout Pierre 'Ferocé' some time, eh?" "Oh, yes; everybody knows you. You're a big bully. I've seen you drink a quart of this wood alcohol they call whiskey up here and then jump the bar from a stand, but you're all animal—you haven't refinement and the culture that makes real strength. It's the mind that makes us stand punishment."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Canadian. "What a funny talk! She'll take the educate man for stan' the col, eh? Mon Dieu!" He roared again till the sled dogs turned fearful glances backward and bushy tails drooped under the weight of their fright. Great snorts came oftener with great rage from Pierre, and they had too frequently felt them both to forget.

"Yes; you haven't the mentality some time you'll use up your physical resources and go to pieces like a burned wick."

Pierre was greatly amused. His yellow teeth shone, and he gave vent to violent mirth as, following the thought, he pictured a naked mind wandering over the hills with the quicksilver at 60 degrees.

"Did you ever see a six day race? Of course not. You barbarians haven't sunk to the level of our dissolute east, where we joy in Roman spectacles. But if you had you'd see it's will that wins; it's the man that eats his soul by inches. The educated soldier stands the campaign best. You run too much to muscle. You're not balanced."

"I think mebbe you'll 'ave chance for show 'im, thees stout will of yours. She's going be long 'mush' troo the mountains, plente snow, plente cold."

Although Pierre's ridicule was gall-ing, Willard felt the charm of the morning too strongly to admit of anger or to argue his pet theory.

The sun, brilliant and cold, lent a paradoxical cheerfulness to the desolation, and, though never a sign of life broke the stillness around them, the beauty of the scintillant gleaming mountains distinct as cameos, that guarded the bay, appealed to him with the strange attraction of the arctic—at attraction that calls and calls in silently till men forsake God's country for its mystery.

He breathed the biting air cleaned by leagues of lifeless barrens and voids of crackling frost till he ached with the exhilaration of a perfect morning on the Circle.

Also before him undulated the grand set string of dogs the coast had known seven there were, tall and gray, with tails like plumes, which now but

Pierre could lay hand upon, fierce and fearless as their master. He drove with the killing cruelty of a stamper, and they loved him.

"You say you have grub cached at the old Indian hut on the Good Hope?" questioned Willard.

"Sure! Fire poun' bacon, leetle flour and rice. I cache one gum boot, too, ha! Good thing for make fire queeck, eh?"

"You bet! An old rubber boot comes handy when it's too cold to make shavings."

Leaving the coast, they ascended a deep and tortuous river where the snow lay thick and soft. One man on snowshoes broke trail for the dogs till they reached the foothills. It was hard work, but infinitely preferable to that which followed, for now they came into a dangerous stretch of over flows. The stream, frozen to its bed, clogged the passage of the spring water beneath, forcing it up through cracks till it spread over the solid ice, forming pools and sheets covered with treacherous ice skins. Wet feet are fatal to man and beast, and they made laborious detours, wallowing trails through tangled willows waist deep in the snow smother or clinging precariously to the overhanging bluffs. As they reached the river's source the sky blackened suddenly and great clouds of snow rushed over the bleak hills, boiling down into the valley with a furious draft. They clung up their flimsy tent only to have it flattened by the force of the gale, that cut like well honed steel. Frozen spots leaped out white on their faces, while their hands stiff ened ere they could fasten the guy strings.

Finally, having lashed the tent bottom to the protruding willow tops, by grace of heavy lifting they strained their flapping shelter up sufficiently to crawl within.

"By gar! She's blow bup ver queeck!" yelled Pierre as he set the ten pound sheet iron stove, its pipe swaying drunkenly with the heaving tent.

"Good 'ting she hit us in the brush."

He spoke as calmly as though danger was distant, and a moment later the little box was roaring with its oil soaked kindlings.

"Will this stove burn green willow tops?" cried Willard.

"Sure! She's good stove. She'll burn hickies eef you get 'im start one time. See 'im get red?"

They rubbed the stiff spots from their cheeks; then, seizing the ax, Willard crawled forth into the storm and dug at the base of the gnarled bushes. Occasionally a shrub assumed the proportions of a man's wrist, but rarely gathering an armful, he bore them in side, and, twisting the tips into withes he fed the fire. The frozen twigs sized and snapped, threatening to fall utterly, but with much blowing he sustained a blaze sufficient to melt a pot of snow. Boiling was out of the question, but the tea leaves became soaked and the bacon cauterized.

Pierre freed and fed the dogs. Each gulped its dried salmon and, curling in the lee of the tent, was quickly drifted over. Next he cut blocks from the solid bottom snow and built a barricade to windward. Then he accumulated a mow of willow tops without the tent fly. All the time the wind blew down the valley like the breath of a giant bellows.

"Supper!" shouted Willard, and as Pierre crawled into the candlelight he found him squatted, fur bundled, over the stove, which settled steadily into the snow, melting its way downward toward a firmer foundation.

The heat was insufficient to thaw the frozen sweat in his clothes, his

while they huddled beneath. When one travels on rations delay is dangerous. Each morning, dragging themselves out into the maelstrom, they took sticks and poked into the drifts for dogs. Each animal as found was exhumed, given a fish and became straightway reburied in the whirling white that seethed down from the mountains.

On the fifth, without warning, the storm died and the air stilled to a perfect silence.

"These dog bag froze," said Pierre, swearing earnestly as he harnessed. "I don't like eet much. They going play bout, I'm 'fraild." He knelt and chewed from between their toes the ice pellets that had accumulated. A malamoot is hard pressed to let his feet mass, and this added to the men's uneasiness.

As they mounted the great divide mountains rolled away on every hand, barren, desolate, marble white, always the whiteness, always the listening silence that oppressed like a weight. Myriads of creek valleys radiated below in a bewildering maze of twisting seams.

"Those are the Ass' Ears, I suppose," said Willard, gazing at two great fangs that bit deep into the sky line. "Is it true that no man has ever reached them?"

"Yes, the Hinjun say that's were hall the storm come from, because, when the win' blow troo the ass' ear, look out! Somebody going ketch 'em!"

Dogs' feet wear quickly after freezing, for crusted snow cuts like a knife. Spots of blood showed in their tracks, growing more plentiful till every print was a crimson stain. They limped pitifully on their raw pads, and occasionally one whined. At every step they sank in track, licking their lacerated paws, rising only at the cost of much whipping.

On the second night, faint and starved, they reached the hut. Digging away the drifts, they crawled inside to find it half full of snow—snow which had sifted through the crevices. Pierre groped among the shadows and swore excitedly.

"What's up?" said Willard.

Vocal effort of the simplest is exhausting when spent with hunger, and these were the first words he had spoken for hours.

"By gar, she's gone! Somebody stole my grub!"

Willard felt a terrible sinking, and his stomach cried for food.

"How far is it to the Crooked River Roadhouse?"

"One long day drive—forty mile."

"We must make it tomorrow or go hungry, eh? Well, this isn't the first dogfish I ever ate." Both men gnawed a moldy dried salmon from their precious store.

As Willard removed his footgear he groaned.

"What's the mattaire?"

"I froze my foot two days ago—snowshoe strap too tight." He exhibited a heel, from which, in removing his inner sock, the flesh and skin had come away.

"That's all right," grinned Pierre. "You got the beeg will let 'er yet. It take the educate man for stan' the col, you know."

Willard gritted his teeth.

They awoke to the whine of a gray windstorm that swept the cutting snow in swirling clouds and made travel a madness. The next day was worse.

Two days of hunger weigh heavy when the cold weakens, and they grew gaunt and fell away in their features.

"I'm glad we've got another feed for the dogs," remarked Willard. "We can't let them run hungry, even if we do."

"I think she's be all right tomor," ventured Pierre. "Thees ain't snow—jus' win'; bimbeby all blow hot. Sacre! I'll can eat 'nuff fore 'ole barny."

For days both men had been cold, and the sensation of complete warmth had come to seem strange and unreal, while their faces cracked where the spots had been.

Willard felt himself on the verge of collapse. He recalled his words about strong men, gazing the while at Pierre. The Canadian evinced suffering only in the haggard droop of eye and mouth; otherwise he looked strong and dogged.

Willard felt his own features had shrunk to a mask of loose jawed suffering, and he set his mental sinews muttering to himself.

He was dizzy and faint as he stretched himself in the still morning air upon waking and hobbled painfully, but as his companion emerged from the darkened shelter into the crystalline brightness, he forgot his own misery at sight of him. The big man reeled as though struck when the dazzle from the hills reached him and he moaned, shielding his sight. Snow blindness had found him in a night.

Slowly they plodded out of the valley, for hunger gnawed acutely, and they left a trail of blood tracks from the dogs. It took the combined efforts of both men to fish them to foot after each pause. This progress was slow and fraught with agony.

As they rose near the pass miles of arctic wastes barred themselves. An about towed bald domes while everywhere stretched the monotonous white the endless snow unbroken by tree or shrub pallid and menacing unadorned to the eye.

"Thank God the worst's over," sighed Willard flinging himself on to the sled. "We'll make it to the sun mit next time; then she's downhull all the way to the roadhouse."

Pierre said nothing.

Away to the northward glimmered the Ass' Ears, and as the speaker eyed them curiously he noted gauzy shreds and streamers veiling their tops. The phenomena interested him for he knew that here must be wind—wind the terror of the bleak tundra the hopeless, merciless master of the barrens. However, the distant range

beneath the twin peaks showed clear cut and distinct against the sky, and he did not mention the occurrence to the guide, although he recalled the words of the Indians, "Beware of the wind through the Ass' Ears."

Again they labored up the steep slope, wallowing in the sliding snow, straining silently at the load; again they threw themselves exhausted upon it. Now, as he eyed the panorama below, it seemed to have suffered a subtle change, indefinable and odd. Although but a few minutes had elapsed, the coast mountains no longer loomed clear against the horizon, and his visual range appeared foreshortened, as though the utter distances had lengthened, bringing closer the edge of things. The twin peaks seemed endlessly distant and hazy, while the air had thickened as though congested with possibilities lending a remoteness to the landscape.

"If it blows up on us here, we're gone," he thought, "for it's miles to shelter, and we're right in the saddle of the hills."

Pierre, half blinded as he was, arose uneasily and dust the air like a wild beast, his great head thrown back, his nostrils quivering.

"I smell the win'," he cried. "Mon Dieu! She's goin' blow!"

A volatile pennant floated out from a nearby peak, hanging about its crest like faint smoke. Then along the brow of the pass whirled a wisp of drifting, twisting flakes, idling hither and yon, ecstatic and aimless, settling in a hollow. They sensed a thrill and rustle to the air, though never a breath had touched them; then, as they mounted higher a draft fanned them, icy as interstellar space. The view from the summit was grotesquely distorted, and, glancing upward, they found the guardian peaks had gone a-smoke with clouds of snow that whirled confusedly, while an increasing breath sucked over the summit, stronger each second. Dry snow began to rustle aloftly about their feet. So swiftly were the changes wrought that before the mind had grasped their import the storm was on them, roaring down from every side, swooping out of the boiling sky, a raging blast from the voids of sunless space.

Pierre's shouts as he slashed at the sled lashings were snatched from his lips in scattered scraps. He dragged forth the whipping tent and threw himself upon it with the sleeping bags. Having cut loose the dogs, Willard crawled within his sack, and they drew the flapping canvas over them. The air was twilight and heavy with effort as smoke granules that hurtled past in a drone.

They removed their outer garments that the fur might fold closer against them and lay exposed to the full hate of the gale. They hoped to be drifted over, but no snow could lodge in this hurricane, and it sifted past, dry and sharp, eddying out a bare place where in they lay. Thus the wind drove the chill to their bones bitterly.

An un nourished human body responds but weakly, so, vitiated by their fast and labors, their suffering smote them with tenfold cruelty.

All night the north wind shouted, and, as the next day waned with its violence undiminished, the frost crept in upon them till they rolled and tossed shivering. Twice they essayed to crawl out, but were driven back to cower for endless, hopeless hours.

It is in such black, aimless times that thought becomes distorted. Willard felt his mind wandering through bleak dreams and tortured fancies, always to find himself harping on his early argument with Pierre, "It's the mind that counts." Later he roused to the fact that his knees, where they pressed against the bag, were frozen, also his feet were numb and senseless.

In his acquired consciousness he knew that along the course of his previous mental vagary lay madness, and the need of action bore upon him imperatively.

He shouted to his mate, but "Wild" Pierre seemed strangely apathetic. "We've got to run for it at daylight. We're freezing! Here; hold on! What are you doing? Wait for daylight!" Pierre had scrambled stiffly out of his cover, and his gabblings reached Willard. He raised a clinebeck fist into the darkness of the streaming night, cursing horribly with words that appalled the other.

"Man, man! Don't curse your God! This is bad enough as it is. Cover up quick!"

Although apparently unmindful of his presence the other crawled back, muttering.

As the dim morning grayed the smother they rose and fought their way downward toward the valley. Long since they had lost their griping, hunger and now held only an apathetic indifference to food, with a cringing dread of the cold and a stubborn sense of their extreme necessity.

They fell many times but gradually drew themselves more under control the excesses of the night. As they staggered downward, blinded and buffeted, their only hope the roadhouse.

Willard moved dully at the change in light. His face had shriveled to blackened freezes stretched upon a bony substructure and lighted by feverish glittering black black eyes. It seemed to him that his own lagging body had long since failed and that his aching naked soul waded stilly through the endless day.

As night approached Pierre stopped frequently propping himself with legs far apart, sometimes he hunched, invariably this horrible sound shocked Willard into a keener sense of the surroundings and it grew to irritate him for the Frenchman's mental wanderings increased with the darkness. What made him rouse one with his awful laughter? These spells of walking insensibility were pleasanter far. At last the big man fell to Willard's mechanical endeavors to

help he spoke sleepily, but with the sanity of a man under great stress. "Dat no good, I'm going freeze right 'ere—freeze stiff as 'ell. An revolt."

"Get up!" Willard kicked him weakly, then sat upon the prostrate man as his own faculties went wandering. Eventually he roused and, digging into the snow, buried the other, first covering his face with the ample parka hood. Then he struck down the valley in one lucid spell he found he had followed a sled trail which was blown clear and distinct by the wind that had now almost died away.

Occasionally his mind grew clear, and his pains beat in upon him till he grew furious at the life in him which refused to end, which forced him ever through this gantlet of misery. More often he was conscious only of a vague and terrible extremity outside of himself that roared him forever forward. Anon he strained to recollect his destination. His features had set in an implacable grimace of physical torture, like a runner in the fury of a finish, till the frost hardened them so. At times he fell heavily, face downward, and at length upon the trail, lying so still that omnipresent coercion that had frozen in his brain drove him forward.

He heard his own voice mauling through lifeless lips like that of a stranger, "The man that can eat his soul will win, Pierre."

Sometimes he cried like a child and slaver ran from his open mouth, freezing at his breast. One of his hands was going dead. He stripped the left mitten off and drew it laboriously over the right. One he would save at least, even though he lost the other. He looked at the bare member dully, and he could not tell that the cold had eased till the bitterness was nearly out of the air. He labored with the fitful spurts of a machine run down.

Ten men and many dogs lay together in the Crooked River Roadhouse through the storm. At late bedtime of the last night came a scratching on the door.

"Somebody's left a dog outside," said a teamster and rose to let him in. He opened the door only to retreat afrightedly.

"My God!" he said, "My God!" And the miners crowded forward.

A figure tottered over the portal, swaying drunkenly. They shuddered at the sight of its face as it crossed toward the fire. It did not walk; it shuffled haltingly, with dazed knees and hanging shoulders, the strides measuring inches only, a grisly burlesque upon senility.

Pausing in the circle, it mumbled thickly, with great effort, as though gleaming words from infinite distance: "Wild Pierre—frozen—buried—in—snow—burry!" Then he straightened and spoke strongly, his voice flooding the room.

"It's the mind, Pierre—ha, ha, ha!—the mind!"

He cackled hideously and plunged forward into a miner's arms.

It was many days before his delirium broke. Gradually he felt the pressure of many bandages upon him and the hunger of convalescence. As he lay in his bunk the past came to him hazy and horrible, then the hum of voices, one loud insistent and familiar.

He turned weakly to behold Pierre propped in a chair by the stove, frost scarred and pale, but aggressive even in recuperation. He gesticulated fiercely with a bandaged hand, hot in controversy with some big limbed, bearded stranger.

"Bah! You fellers no good—too beeg in the ches', too leetle in the forehead. She'll tak' the educate mans for stan' the 'ardsheep, lak' me an' Meestaire Weelard."

Waterproof Paper Coats.

There is probably no more impervious serviceable waterproof than the raincoats and cloaks of Mitsu-mata paper made from the leaves and stems of a small shrub which grows in the mountains of Japan. Until one of the experts of the department of agriculture discovered it a few years ago its existence was unknown to the outside world. Even now but little is known of it except that the plant has thrived in some mountainous portions of the United States and, further, that the method of manufacturing the paper is crude.

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Hark Ye! The Joyful Things

Xmas Near at Hand. Our Store is Full of Good Things to Eat

Cranberries
Oranges
Bananas
Celery
Grape Fruit
Tangerines
Table Raisins
Dates
Fancy Malaga
Grapes

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Xmas Trees in Plenty Monday Afternoon

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

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Two Doors to Left of Dimeling Entrance
14 Second Street Clearfield, Pa.

Warnings which have been quite widely issued in the corn belt territory tell of the likelihood of a loss of stock as a result of eating cornstalks that have been stunted by drought. As a result of chemical process, not any too well understood, a virulent poison resembling prussic acid develops in such stalks but it is volatile (disappears in the air) when the moisture evaporates from the stalks. This usually takes place by Jan. 1, when they are thoroughly dry.

The effort that is made in small towns and to some extent in strictly rural communities to provide for young people social enjoyment is much needed and has much to commend it when not carried to the extreme which leads them to think that there is good reason for being away from home several nights in the week and which causes them to think that some other place than home is the proper as well as best center of social enjoyment. When this extreme view is favored by a community it is a pitiful admission that the homes are not fulfilling their true mission. The idea needs emphasizing more than it is now being emphasized by all friends of young people including their parents, their teachers and others who have their true welfare at heart, that the home is the natural gathering place for young people and that all that can possibly be done should be done to make each home an interesting, attractive and comfortable center which will attract the boys and girls to it rather than drive them away from it. To this end something is needed far more than furnishings, and that is a home atmosphere which is the result of the kindly and sympathetic as well as wide awake interest which the older people in a home take toward the younger people and the things in which they are much concerned. The present day is in dire need of a deeper and more intelligent interest in the home for out of it as was said of the heart "are the issues of life." Neither the school the church nor the ballot box can make good the loss sustained in a disordered and unattractive home which fails of the splendid mission which was intended for it.

The achievement of a Virginia boy, Hugh Gunnell, in producing 132 bushels of shelled corn on one acre of land is being publicized in agricultural papers of the country and should serve to encourage other farm boys to get out of the rut in which their fathers

have tried and try something. The bookkeeping on this concern is summarized as follows: 1. bushels of corn, contracted agricultural department at \$2 a bushel, \$140; 2. bushels at 60 cents a bushel, 345 bushels of corn, \$207.00; 3. a bunch, \$14.00; twenty dollar sum from the county, \$20; 4. corn expedition at Columbia, worth \$30. This makes a total of \$322.00. It cost to raise the inclosing measure, plowing, the land, fertilizer and working of including harvesting, \$28.00. Their total net receipts of \$294.00. The wall worth while from the share of the money received, but was worth a good deal more than its educational and inspirational value for the boy.

J. E. Smith

Voting

"Do you believe that women can vote?"

Silver is of less value than gold,
than virtue.—Horace.

**FARM ·
ORCHARD
AND —
GARDEN
BY
FETRIGG
REGISTER.
ROCKFORD, ILL.**



**CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED**

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The farmers in most any section where dirt roads prevail can do a mighty acceptable piece of home missionary work by getting out with their road drags on days when the surface of the roads is mealy and smoothing them down before the final freezeup.

It is well for the boy who is this year trapping for the first time to remember that practically all furs do not reach the condition called "prime" if the fur bearing animal is trapped before Dec 1. Many states have this as the opening date for the trapping season. Others should

Most railroad ties as well as telegraph and telephone poles that are now laid or set are given a preservative treatment with creosote or other chemical to increase their life. Time was when timber was so plentiful that ties and poles were cheaper than the preservative, but not so now.

The banks of Kansas City are planning to contribute \$10,000 toward a fund which is to be raised for the purpose of buying seed wheat for farmers in the ten western counties of the state that suffered most from last summer's drought. This is a commendable type of philanthropy, but is simply a 'casting of bread upon the water.'

A vessel fully equipped to take moving pictures of fish and other marine life beneath the surface and on the bed of the ocean will leave New York city in a few months for the submarine gardens of Bermuda. A machine which will take the pictures has been perfected, and the pictures that will be taken will be most interesting.

That the presence of road-side trees is a prolific source of bad roads—and this is especially true when they are on the south side of east and west thoroughfares—was shown in rather striking fashion in a cross country trip which the writer took the other day. A stretch of 100 feet of road that was sheltered by such trees was so slippery

that the auto behaved as if it were on a "jag," while a half dozen feet beyond the shaded stretch the road was muddy and driving out rapidly. He is a public benefactor who converts these border trees into stove wood at the earliest possible moment.

The government receipt for an effective rat poison is, one part barytes (barium sulphate) mixed with eight or nine parts fine cornmeal and moistened with enough water to make a dough. This dope works slowly, usually causes rats that eat it to go from their runs in search of water and is not as dangerous to children as are many poisons on the market.

In the province of Manitoba hunters are required to wear a white coat or sweater and a white cap while those who hunt big game in the province of Saskatchewan must have an entire suit of white and a white cap. This kind of an outfit may cause some game to be "shy" but it safeguards the wener against being shot by some paloot of a hunter who couldn't tell a deer from a tree stump or a boulder.

The common uses of sugar are well known. Some others that may not be so well known are its employment in the manufacture of stoebeolaking transparent soap and copying ink and ink rollers for printing presses. It also forms from 40 to 60 per cent of some explosives and is used in dyeing and tanning operations. Sugar also has a hardening effect on mortar and when so used constitutes one-half of the bulk of the mortar mixture there being one part lime and one part sand mixed with it.

Tests are being made by the United States bureau of chemistry to determine the amount of shrinkage which takes place in dried fruit between shipping place point and ultimate destination. Ten carloads of such fruit from the Pacific coast to eastern markets are to be weighed at both ends of the long journey so that the packer may know the amount of shrinkage and may know how much fruit to put into a parcel in the packing plant to have it meet the legal net weight requirements when it is sold in the other grocery

It is an excellent idea and one carried out by a good many people to buy a few good books every year as a permanent addition to the family library. While it is well enough if there are a few volumes of current fiction among these, a good deal more satisfaction will be got in the course of years if half or more of the books thus purchased are of the more substantial sort tellings of the solution of the great problems confronting the race and of individual and national achievement along a great variety of lines.

Australia ought to be a bonanza country for automobilists. It is said that there are not only restrictions on

Popular Science tells of a method of extracting wooden splinters that will bring relief to a good many women and some men who are sort of chicken hearted when it comes to digging out a splinter with a needle or jackknife. Fill a wide mouthed bottle, such as a milk bottle nearly full of hot water and place over the mouth of the bottle the part containing the splinter, pressing down slightly in order to prevent any steam from escaping. This will cause the flesh to draw down, and in a short time the action of the steam will extract the splinter and also reduce any inflammation.

There is little question that with the increasing scarcity of wood post material steel posts will come more and more into favor. As it is now they cost but a trifle more than wooden posts and when set are practically indestructible. To this they add great strength and firmness while several types are made so that the wire can be attached without the use of separate staples or hooks. A method that is being followed by a good many in setting them is to pour cement into the bottom of the hole in which they are set fill in with earth well to the top and then give the post a collar of cement at the surface of the ground.

A truly friend who is a close student and friend of the birds reported an incident the other day which seems to show that they have the play instinct as have human beings and the group is a breed of larks, which had hatched out in the house and which were large enough to fly. One of the young ones day or two ago, an odd bird in appearance, because it was half grown, had fallen thereon and the young ones to be getting on and taking the young ones in the air. The bird was sitting on the ground at the edge of the house, and it had been sitting there for some time. One of the young ones had been sitting on the ground for some time, and the bird had been sitting on the ground for some time.

A question that does not seem to have been so determined satisfactorily by any of the experiments mentioned is whether the feeding of apples in considerable quantities to milk cows has any perceptible effect upon the flow of milk. From their own experience a good many dairymen seem to be convinced that the eating of large quantities by the cows tends to decrease milk flow, but the matter has not been got down in what may be called black and white. Apples are worth from the standpoint of nutritive value about one third of what silage is. From this it will be seen that they serve about the same purpose as turnips—furnish a variety for the system and tend to increase capacity to assimilate larger quantities of other foods.

The egg laying contest which is being conducted at Storrs college, Connecticut has passed the forty ninth

will buy a large **ROCKINGHAM EARTH-
ENWARE BOWL** at our store if you
toss us your nickel before the new year
makes its bow. None of these were less
than ten cents, some were fifteen, twenty
and some twenty-five cents. To close
them out before taking inventory **FIVE
CENTS** takes any size. See window.

Clearfield Hardware Company
125 MARKET STREET

WORTH LOOKING INTO.

Colonel Leach, a well known farmer who lives near Davenport, La. has come out in advocacy of a system of compulsory inoculation for the prevention of hog cholera which he contends would eradicate the disease in the po-

ROBINSON & COMPANY NEXT TO WINDSOR HOTEL
CLEARFIELD, PENNA.

Clearfield, Penn'a

CASES DOWN FOR ARGUMENT

List of Causes to be Heard by Judge Bell

ONE NEW TRIAL ASKED FOR

Exceptions Filed to Report on Petition for Reduction of Councilmen in DuBois Borough—Petitions, Motions and Requests for Rules in a Score of Cases.

The following cases are down for argument at the regular argument court beginning January 13 and in equity and orphans' court:

Frank Zeigler c. t. a. of Charles Zeigler, vs. John Selepe; petition to stay execution, and rule to open judgment. Krebs & Liveright; Woodward.

Commonwealth vs. Nick Fresco; petition to strike off forfeiture of recognizance. Kelley, Bell & Hartswick.

Commonwealth vs. Jackena Cutane; rule to show cause why money should not be paid to Jack Cutane. Kelley, A. H. Woodward.

William Gurovski and Marcella Gurovski vs. Fred Lebb and J. W. Marshall; motion for judgment non ob ver, and for new trial. Cole and Arnold; Pentz.

Martin Machinery Co., to use, vs. Harry J. Flegal; rule for judgment for want of sufficient affidavit of defense. W. I. Swope; Cole & Arnold.

In re petition of citizens of DuBois borough to reduce number of councilmen; exceptions filed. Pentz; Cole & Arnold.

Commonwealth to use Louisa Moyer vs. Herman Moyer, defendant, to Andrew Neubauer and Neubauer, exors; rule to show why judgment should not be entered. W. I. Swope; Bell & Hartswick.

Commonwealth vs. Herman Moyer; rule to show cause why attachment should not issue. W. I. Swope; Bell & Hartswick.

Michael Burns vs. Steve Harasli and T. W. Russell, certiorari. R. D. Swope for defense.

John M. Sileski and William Scott, trading as Sileski & Co., vs. Susie Mike, trading as Brady Street market; motion for judgment for want of sufficient affidavit of defense. Calkin for plaintiffs.

D. W. Anderson vs. Martha Flister and Charles E. Flister; petition for rule to open judgment as to Martha Flister.

In re public road in Huston township; exceptions to report of viewers. Commonwealth vs. Oscar C. Anderson; petition to strike off forfeiture of recognizance. Kelley; Krebs & Liveright.

Commonwealth vs. Philip S. Dotz; motion for discharge of defendant. Kelley; Urey.

Commonwealth vs. Philip Dotz; motion for discharge of defendant. Kelley; Urey.

Commonwealth vs. Philip Dotz; motion for discharge of defendant. Kelley; Urey.

To use W. R. Davis vs. C. P. Munch Coal Co., demurrer. Pentz; Cole & Arnold.

Gordon Bloom vs. Lawrence township supervisors—C. V. Rowles John Schickling and R. H. Ogden, petition to show cause why a mandamus should not issue. R. D. Swope, Hartswick.

Commonwealth vs. Louis Edding; rule to show cause why defendant should not be discharged. Kelley, Patterson & Gleason.

William Rowe, tax collector of DuBois borough, vs. Commissioners of Clearfield county, mandamus. Pentz, Krebs & Liveright.

By argument list: Ous Delmas vs. Pittsburg & Susanna R. R. Co., demurrer. A. Liveright, Bell & Hartswick.

Shans' court list: Patrick Reynolds estate, rule on it to accept or refuse.

O. L. Schoonover estate, renewed exceptions to auditor's report. Cole & Arnold.

No Truth in Report. There is no truth in the report that two men had been killed at Irvona on Christmas day.

Another Male Failing. Every married man believes that the household expenses could be cut in two if he only had a chance to turn his business acumen loose on the job.—Chicago Record-Herald.

KILLED ON N. Y. C.

Sad Fate of Man on a Visit to Relatives at Peale.

Simon Pearson, of Corning, New York, was thrown from a car on the New York Central's Pine Creek branch Wednesday, at Bluestone, 15 miles north of Jersey Shore, and was so badly injured that he died Thursday morning at the Williamsport hospital without regaining consciousness.

Mr. Pearson, in company with his two brothers and a cousin were on their way to visit friends at Peale. He was standing on the platform of the smoking car when, in turning a sharp curve the swerving of the car threw him to the ground with fatal results.

Lightship Risks. It would seem that the perils of a lightship crew in a gale exceed even those of a lighthouse keeper. Mr. Talbot, in his "Lightships and Light-houses," gives an example of the havoc played by one Atlantic wave in the case of the lightship that guards the terrible rocky fangs known as the "Seven Stones," which lie between Land's End and the Scilly Isles.

"Once a wave tumbled aboard, crashed over a man against the pump, knocked him half senseless; picked up the lifeboat and threw it against the deckhouse, and in so doing caught another member of the crew, mauling his thigh badly in passing. Two out of the seven men forming the crew were thus put hors de combat by a single wave."

The lightship is a British idea, and the first ever used was placed in the mouth of the Thames in 1713.

NEW PARCELS POST RATES ANNOUNCED

Change Will Take Place on First of Next Year

With the beginning of the new year the changes in parcels post services will go into effect. The post office department announces that parcels weighing four ounces or less are available at the rate of one cent each ounce or fraction of an ounce, regardless of distance. Parcels weighing more than four ounces, on and after January 1, 1914 will be mailed at rates fixed in accordance with weight and distance. Thus—

Parcels weighing one pound, local and first zone, 5c, second zone, 5c, third zone, 6c, fourth zone, 7c, fifth zone, 8c, sixth zone, 9c, seventh zone, 11c, eighth zone, 12c, zone, 12c.

Other weights progress in rates up to 50 pounds, which may be sent in the local and first and second zones at the following rates: Local rates, 30c, first and second zone rates, 54c. The change from the limit of 20 pounds to 50 pounds extends only to the limits of the second zone. The 20 pound rate is included in all of the zones.

Twenty pounds may be carried from Clearfield to New York or Philadelphia for 44c. Fifty pounds may be carried to Buffalo or Pittsburgh from Clearfield for 54c.

Parcels weighing 20 pounds will be carried from Clearfield to California, in the eighth zone, for \$2.40. This rate covers the cost of sending parcels to any part of the country and to Europe or wherever the United States mail goes.

Choosing the Easier Way. "I thought you were going to invest your money in stocks."

"I did think of it."

"Have you changed your mind?"

"Yes, I went into a broker's place the other day for the purpose of watching the market a little while. Have you ever been in a broker's office?"

"Yes."

"Then you know the layout. There is a big blackboard upon one of the walls. At each side of the board are several rows of chairs, which are occupied by men who have bought or sold. They sit there, nervously chewing their cigars and watching the quotations as they are written on the blackboard."

"What has that to do with your decision not to invest?"

"After watching these watchers for awhile and studying their expressions I decided that it would be easier to go on working for the money I'm going to need."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Overtrained. "Is Bliggins a shrewd business man?"

"He was until he got such a reputation for being a shrewd business man that everybody was afraid to do business with him."—Washington Star.

INSNALLATION OF OFFICERS

Pleasant Function in Red Men's Hall Friday Evening

B. R. T. AND AUXILIARY

Ceremonies interspersed with Music, Addresses and Other Entertainment—Officers Installed in B. of R. T. by E. M. Westcott, and in Auxiliary by Mrs. Alda Marshall.

At a meeting of the Clearfield lodge, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, held in the Red Men's hall Friday evening, there was a joint installation of the newly elected officers of the Brotherhood and the Ladies auxiliary of the Brotherhood.

E. M. Westcott installed the officers of the B. of R. T. as follows: President—C. R. Rishell.

Vice president—M. L. Farrell. Secretary—E. M. Westcott. Treasurer—W. A. Mohney.

Chaplain—Arton Johnson. Conductor—R. F. Mitchell. Warden—J. A. Barnie. Guard—J. E. Cechman.

The installation of the officers of the Ladies' auxiliary was conducted by Mrs. Alda Marshall, of Philadelphia, the following officers being installed:

President—Mrs. Crissie Cechman. Vice President—Mrs. Laura Graham. Past President—Mrs. Laura Myers.

Secretary—Miss Katherine Berry. Treasurer—Mrs. Grace Lehman. Chaplain—Mrs. Hanna Swartz.

Conductor—Mrs. Emma Doan. Warden—Mrs. Mary Westcott. Inner Guard—Mrs. Della Beightel. Outer Guard—Mrs. Harriet Acack. Counsellor—William Mohney.

The proceedings opened with the singing of an ode and closed with the singing of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

The musical numbers, including the March during the installation ceremonies, were heartily enjoyed. Miss Florence Lehman, a little girl, sang very prettily a solo, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Grace Lehman.

Miss Shaw was the pianist of the evening. During the proceedings Miss Shaw played several selections among others "Rock of Ages" was played during the administration of the oath of office. Mrs. Doan pleased the assembly by reciting a very appropriate piece.

Addresses were made by Messrs. Farrell, Westcott and Mohney and a talk by Mrs. Marshall. Splendid refreshments were served.

Mrs. Marshall was presented with a handsome toilet set, the gift of the Ladies auxiliary.

Wangen's Fountain of Wine. A fountain of wine is one of those historical extravaganzas which are generally associated with the name of Nero, yet on every July 13 the public fountain of Wangen, in the Alsace wine country, flows with wine in the middle ages the commune of Wangen was sentenced to make an annual payment to the monastery of Strasbourg of 400 measures of wine.

In 1793 the payment was abolished by the Directory. Under Louis XVIII two merchants secured the transfer of documents, them, by means of forged documents, for \$120, but the commune commenced proceedings against them, in which it was victorious on July 13, 1830. Since that date a communal festival has been held on that day, and from the public fountain erected to commemorate the victory wine flows for one hour in the day. Westminster Gazette.

No Complaint to Make. It was at the vaudeville. The girl with the extraordinary voice had just finished her song.

"Just think," growled Brown to the stranger beside him. "We paid real money to hear that."

"I didn't," was the placid response. "Come in on a 'comp'."

"But you had to spend car fare to get here, did you not?" asked Brown.

"None," replied the uncomplaining one. "I live in walking distance."

"But," persisted Brown desperately, "at least you hoped to be entertained."

"No," I didn't care," grinned the stranger. "I came to get away from home. My wife is cleaning house."

Pride in Their Country. In Germany there is a national association called the Heimatschutz Bund which was formed for protecting and preserving the natural beauty of the German fatherland, together with its historic and artistic buildings, cities, monuments, etc. also to unite the efforts being made by various local and state organizations.

A WOODLAND WEDDING

Young Couple Married on Christmas Day.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the parsonage of the United Brethren church, Woodland, Wednesday evening, Dec. 26, when Miss Margaret Fleming, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Fleming, of Curwensville, became the bride of Thomas E. Wisor, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Wisor, of Woodland.

The ceremony was performed by the groom's pastor, the Rev. E. G. Spessard. The groom is an efficient barber and the couple will reside with the groom's parents for the present, later taking up house-keeping in Woodland.

SIEGES OF PERONNE

They Won For the Town the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The town of Peronne, not far from Amiens, has had the distinction of being decorated with the Legion of Honor and can place the cross so much sought after by every Frenchman in its coat of arms and on its seal.

Peronne has two memorable sieges to its credit, the first in 1536 and the other during the Franco-Prussian war.

During the siege of 1536 Estournel, governor of the town, held out for more than a month against the Comte de Nassau, lieutenant of the Emperor Charles V. At the end of that time Nassau, who had failed in three assaults, gave up the siege.

The siege of Peronne during the war of "soixante-dix" was one of the bloodiest in history. The Prussians surrounded it on Nov. 30, 1870, and the town held out until Jan. 9, when with half the town in flames, no means of fighting the fire, not to mention the lack of food and drinking water, it capitulated.

The fire was so intense that the bells in the church towers were melted and the stacked silver pieces in the bank were turned into ingots. Six hundred and seventy houses were destroyed by fire and shells, while 3,000 soldiers and citizens were taken prisoners.—New York Sun.

Mirabeau as an Orator. No one, not even Talleyrand, could approach Mirabeau as a speaker, and, curiously enough, this violent, emotional man was, as orator, perfectly self possessed.

"During the debate on the disturbances at Marseilles the Right interrupted his speech with cries of slanderer, liar, scoundrel, assassin. He stopped for a moment and looked at the excited members who were heaping upon him their vile words."

"I am waiting, gentlemen," he said, "for these unities to die down." Then he went on with his speech at the point where he had broken off."

His face, pitted with smallpox, was ugly, says the author of "Mirabeau," but his very ugliness transformed by the play of his countenance, was marvelously turned into a source of power. When he shook his "terrible bear's head" he was terrifying and no man dared to interrupt him.

Meerschaum and the Turks. Meerschaum used to be considered a mere curiosity by the Turks who had no other use for it than as a substitute for fuller's soap. The story runs that the Turkish ambassador at the Austrian court, in the eighteenth century, was a native of Faki Schehr.

Wanting to help his city at a time of great poverty he took a sample of this queer stuff to Vienna, thinking that the "Franks," as all foreigners were then called, might have some use for it. The Germans were quick to see its utility for pipe bowls, but declared that it was good for nothing else. More than a century has confirmed this judgment, for who has yet discovered any other use for meerschaum? For pipe making it is an ideal raw material. Here is a stone which is easily moulded when wet, and when dry becomes hard and resists fire.

Between Governors. When the late Senator Bob Taylor was governor of Tennessee he received a letter from an inmate of the Missouri state penitentiary. His correspondent pleaded that his name too was Taylor, claimed kinship with the governor and begged him to use his influence with Governor Francis of Missouri to obtain a pardon. A short time afterward Governor Francis received the following letter from Governor Bob:

My Dear Governor Francis—You've got a fellow over there in your penitentiary named Taylor, who says he's kin to me and wants me to help him get out. I wish, if you see your way clear toward doing it, you would turn him loose, and if any of your kindfoks ever get in my pen I'll return the favor.

—New York Post.

How to Keep Olives. When a large bottle of olives is opened and only a part of them used the remainder, though left in the brine, become comparatively tasteless. To avoid this pour half an inch of olive oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar on the top and cork well. The olives will then retain their natural flavor indefinitely.

Old Age a Paradox. Dr. Lyman Abbott, discussing old age at a dinner in New York, smiled pensively and said:

"Old age is not so sad as youth seems it. Old age is a paradox. It may be truly said that the best years of a man's life come after the best years of his life have been wasted."

The Feather For the Desk. A drawing room desk or writing table must have a long feather to be in the mode quite as much as a lady's hat.

Washington, Dec. 5.—President Wilson, with Mrs. Wilson, their two daughters, Misses Margaret and Eleanor; Miss Helen Woodrow Bones and Dr. Cary Grayson, naval aid, went to Pass Christian, Miss., to spend Christmas.

The president eluded the crowd which had gathered at the station by boarding his private car an hour before the time for its departure. He will return to Washington in time for the diplomatic reception on Jan. 13.

A Christmas Hint. A friend of mine, said a woman recently, showed me a handy little article that she always carried in her hand bag which she makes and sells for 20 cents. It consists of a piece of ribbon a quarter of a yard wide hemmed at each end and then herring boned. In the center on one end are two pieces of string. Then two loops are buttonholed and sewed on the ribbon, and in one are inserted about four or five hairpins; in the other loop, are that many invisible hairpins, then a needle threaded with white thread under the other; then there are a few large and some small safety pins, some black headed and some white and a few white pins, all pinned through the silk. This is all rolled and tied with the narrow ribbon. It is a handy little accessory to the bag and takes up little room.

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START WORK ON NEW BANK LAW

Preliminary Labor Fails on Secretaries McAdoo and Houston.

THEY WILL SELECT CITIES.

Likely to Be Scramble For Locations of Federal Reserve Centers—Law Provides For Not Less Than Eight and Not More Than Twelve—Committee May Visit Different Localities.

Washington, Dec. 26.—Secretary McAdoo and Secretary Houston began working out preliminaries of the nation's new financial system under the currency act signed by the president.

Although the law provides that the two secretaries shall join with the comptroller of the currency in the preliminary work of reorganization, the office of comptroller is vacant, and it has been decided that the two secretaries, constituting a majority of the committee, may go ahead. Later the members of the federal reserve board of seven will be named by President Wilson.

The secretary of the treasury and the comptroller will be members of that body, and the other five will be chosen from private life. If President Wilson finally has made his selection for those five places it is not known in Washington.

The first step to be taken by the secretaries will be the selection of cities where federal reserve banks, the backbone of the system, are to be located. The law provides for not less than eight and not more than twelve.

May Employ Counsel. The organization committee is empowered to employ counsel and summon witnesses and papers to go deep into the location of the reserve reservoirs. Its decision is not subject to review, except by the federal reserve board.

It is possible that before the question of cities is decided the organization committee will visit cities suggested and base its report on information gained at first hand. Cities that can hardly be kept off a tentative list would include New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and New Orleans, with Denver, Atlanta and Seattle or Portland, Ore., near the top. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and several others are asking for designation.

The organization committee is empowered to prescribe regulations for membership in the system. Applications from all over the United States have been flowing into the treasury for several days. An unusual flood, however, arrived, and one of the first duties of the committee will be the promulgation of rules for their acceptance. National banks have sixty days in which to file applications.

Wilson Off for Holiday. With Wife and Daughters He Goes to Mississippi.

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COLLEGE NIGHT

Vacationists Will Meet at Y. M. C. A. Monday Night.

A unique social will be held at the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening, Dec. 29, at 8, at which time all college students home on their holiday vacation will meet the Clearfield High school boys. A fine program has been arranged, including refreshments free.

Students from U. of P., State, Princeton, Yale, N. Y. U., Cornell, Kiski, F. & M. and Culver Military Academy will be present.

All High school boys are invited.

Boston Bloomer Girls. There is likely to be a large crowd at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium next Tuesday evening when the association team will play the Boston Bloomer Girls. A warmly contested game is promised.

Town Clock on Strike. For several days the town clock has been on strike. The hands refuse to work and citizens wonder why the difficulty cannot be settled by arbitration.

Baptist Church. 10:00 A. M. Bible school. 11:00, Worship; sermon topic: "The Heritage of the Christian."

7:00 P. M., Young people. 7:30, Evening worship; topic: "This Year Also." New Year's sermon.

RARE TREAT FOR LOVERS OF MUSIC

Susquehanna Glee Club Here

Wednesday Evening

Susquehanna University's Glee club which will appear in the Lutheran church of Clearfield on Wednesday evening, Dec. 31, at 8:30 P. M. for the benefit of the church, is bringing over the circuit of its eighteenth annual tour amid a series of marked successes. It has proven a happy combination of pleasing musicians, brim full of all the cheer of college life.

Through the able efforts of their director, Matthew Lundquist, Dean of the Susquehanna University Conservatory of Music, the club has worked up a novel program arrangement, which is new and striking. The varied selections of the musicians have thoroughly captivated the audiences of the first week's travel, and reports from all along the line indicate that the college entertainers are improving with each rendition.

Part one of the program represents a bunch of college fellows on a trip. The first number, "The Soldiers' Chorus," pictures them going to war. This is followed by "When Billows Are Rooking," a catchy selection rendered during their voyage. After this is a bass solo, "The Indifferent Mariner," portraying the carefree life of the sailor. Upon landing the greeting is sounded, the "Bells of Shandon" pealing forth a welcome from the old cathedral. Then the choristers visit the sacred sanctuary, where the battle hymn is sung, which recalls to mind the war songs of the old crusaders. That selection, with two violin solos rendered by Prof. Charles M. Fry, head of the violin department of the conservatory of music, forms a fitting close for the first part of the program.

The second part finds the fellows gathered for a social evening. As they assemble, they sing a very amusing and lively song, "When I Know What You Know," but gathering around the cheerful glow of the fireside brings up thoughts of home and the loved ones, so they sing "Dreaming" and "Come, Love Come."

Swoope, the clever reader, then injects his personality into the evening by giving "Gentlemen, the King."

As the black night stretches out to meet the oncoming day the collegians render "Just a Song at Twilight," followed by the typical glee "The Winter Song." As the hour for departure approaches "Varsity Song" is the enchanting song, in which the college musicians express their loyalty and pride in Susquehanna, singing the song with only such vigor and vim as can be sung by an organization of representative American youth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Clune, of New York City are visiting Mrs. Clune's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boynton Newling.

Another Male Failing. Every married man believes that the household expenses could be cut in two if he only had a chance to turn his business acumen loose on the job.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pride in Their Country. In Germany there is a national association called the Heimatschutz Bund which was formed for protecting and preserving the natural beauty of the German fatherland, together with its historic and artistic buildings, cities, monuments, etc. also to unite the efforts being made by various local and state organizations.

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Choosing the Easier Way. "I thought you were going to invest your money in stocks."

"I did think of it."

"Have you changed your mind?"

"Yes, I went into a broker's place the other day for the purpose of watching the market a little while. Have you ever been in a broker's office?"

"Yes."

"Then you know the layout. There is a big blackboard upon one of the walls. At each side of the board are several rows of chairs, which are occupied by men who have bought or sold. They sit there, nervously chewing their cigars and watching the quotations as they are written on the blackboard."

"What has that to do with your decision not to invest?"

"After watching these watchers for awhile and studying their expressions I decided that it would be easier to go on working for the money I'm going to need."—Chicago

SCORES KILLED BY REBEL MINE

Mexican Federals Didn't Suspect Enemy So Far North.

CHEER BRITAIN AND JAPAN.

General Huerta's Birthday Marked by Unusual Demonstration—Americans Attacked in Speeches—Dr. Urrutia, Mexico's Greatest Surgeon, Makes Pacific Speech.

City of Mexico, Dec. 25.—Scores of federal troops. It was admitted, had been killed when their train ran over a rebel mine near Charcos, a short distance north of San Luis Potosi. The federal forces did not suspect the presence of the rebels so far south, and no pilot engine was sent ahead of the troop train.

When the dynamite planted by the rebels exploded the train was demolished. Few of the troops escaped unhurt from the wreck, and the majority who escaped death in the wreck were shot down by the rebels.

Increased activity is being displayed by the rebels about Acapulco. The rebels have stopped the construction of the railroad being built from Acapulco, and the Americans engaged in construction work on the road are on their way back to the capital.

The federal officials of Acapulco are reported to have levied a forced loan on the Spanish merchants for the support of the troops.

Cheer Foreign Ministers.

The general belief of the populace that Japan and Great Britain still sympathize with the present government was shown when the crowd outside the palace cheered the British and Japanese ministers when they left the building after the president's reception to the diplomatic corps, which was part of the festivities marking General Huerta's fifty-ninth birthday.

The general's birthday festivities were brought to a close by a gathering at Chapultepec of his official family and a few personal friends. Many speeches were made, one of which gave Querido Moheno, the minister of foreign affairs, an opportunity to make an attack on the United States.

Although the United States refused to recognize General Huerta, he said, he had been acclaimed as president not only by Mexico, but by twenty-two Latin-American states. In grandiloquent phrases he recited how he believed Mexico would be supported by the Central and South American countries if the republic was at war with another power.

Makes Pacific Speech.

Dr. Aureliano Urrutia, the greatest surgeon in Mexico, who was formerly minister of the interior, replied to this by calling attention to Mexico's desolate condition and the uncertain minds of millions of her people. He deplored the idea that any other measures than diplomatic ones be considered in the settlement of a difficulty between Mexico and another power.

General Huerta slapped him on the back at the end of his pacific speech and then told those assembled that he was not anti-American in sentiment. He deplored any expression of jingoism.

GARRISON HASN'T ANY DOGS OF WAR TO SPARE

Not Even For Pennsylvania Boy Who Wants One For Xmas.

Washington, Dec. 25.—Secretary Garrison's New Jersey boyhood days were recalled to him when, with a sigh of regret, he had to turn down the request of a Pennsylvania youngster who wrote asking for a "war dog" as a Christmas present. The lad's letter, mailed at Fordyce, Pa., was as follows:

Mr. Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.: Dear Sir—Me and my little brother would like to have a dog for a Christmas present. Papa says you have plenty of war dogs. Will you send us a little pup? A Scotch collie would be the best. I am nine years old, and my little brother is four years old. Good by.

MR. —

Not omitting the prefix "Mr." which the youngster carefully included in his signature, Secretary Garrison sent his correspondent this reply:

Mr. —, Fordyce, Pa.: My Dear Sir—I received your letter of Dec. 22, 1913. Your papa told you the truth when he said I had war dogs, but he made a mistake when he said I had plenty. I have some, but none to spare, and am very sorry that I cannot send you what you ask for. Besides, there is not a Scotch collie attached to the army. If I see one running loose anywhere I will try to catch him for you. I do hope you will get a dog somewhere for Christmas. Sincerely yours,

LINDLEY M. GARRISON,
Secretary of War.

Erie Road Lays Off 6,000 Men.
New York, Dec. 25.—It was announced that during the last thirty days the Erie railroad has laid off 6,000 employees in its shops, maintenance of way force and other departments because of closing down of mills and manufactories.

BOLL WEEVIL COME TO STAY

Poor Crop in Mississippi Last Year and Promise of a Poorer One.

Washington, Dec. 25.—General Thomas C. Catchings, of Vicksburg, Miss., formerly a member of the house of representatives, takes a gloomy view of the cotton boll weevil situation in the south, particularly in Mississippi. States in which cotton is one of the principal products may never get rid of the pest.

"In Mississippi," General Catchings said, "we have suffered this year more than in others from the ravages of the insect, with the result that we shall not have as good a crop of cotton as we did last year. The weather has been particularly good for the boll weevil."

Gold Filled Wire.

Since the perfection of gold filled metal the number of spectacle and eyeglass frames and mountings made of this material has shown a very large yearly increase. Considering the importance of gold filled wire and the many uses to which it is put it seems surprising that so little is really known of this and how nearly equal to solid gold it is for many uses. The term gold filled is somewhat misleading. Merely reversing it almost thoroughly explains both the material and the process.

Filled gold, as it might well be called, consists of a gold shell filled with an alloy of base metal. The popularity of gold filled is demonstrated by the fact that nearly \$1,000,000 of fine gold is used annually in one plant alone, and half of this is used in the

manufacture of the gold filled wire from which spectacles and eyeglass frames and mountings are made.—American Machinist.

Gladstone and Disraeli.

It was Disraeli at the Academy banquet who said that "the noble, distinctive trait of British art was its boundless fertility in imagination and fancy." In the reaction after the banquet, as he was going home with Mr. Goschen, he "descanted on English painters and deplored their total want of fancy and imagination." Being reminded by his companion that this was not exactly what he had led people to believe was his opinion in his speech at the banquet, "No," replied Disraeli, "but, then, my friend, one must be pleasant after dinner."

Very characteristic was the comment next morning of Mr. Gladstone, who glared at the companion and roared out: "Do you mean to say that he carried his ghastly insincerity with him those walls? It's hellish!"—Independent.

Shoes and Nerves.

Travelers say that the reason why nervous people don't exist in China is because it is there the custom to wear soft shoes. There is no doubt that hard soled, creaking footgear is responsible for much nervous wear and tear as well as much physical fatigue in western lands. Tired feet and tired nerves will find solace in a warm foot bath with a handful of sea salt in it. Move the feet about or keep them still as best pleases you as long as the water is pleasantly warm; then dry them with a rough towel and put on a fresh pair of stockings.—Dundee Advertiser.

EXPECTED BURGLAR.

Who Called as Anticipated and Carried Off an Empty Safe.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Burglars pried open the back door of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western station at Jamesville and carried away the safe on a handcar. There was no money in the safe, because the attack was anticipated by the station agent, T. B. Grace.

"Because of their activity in this vicinity recently we expected we would be visited by the yeggs next," said Mr. Grace, "and disposed of our valuables." The yeggs also ransacked some freight packages in the freight house.

MITCHEL SWORN IN AS NEW YORK MAYOR

Denies Story of Friction With Republican Leader Koenig.

New York, Dec. 25.—While persistent in his determination to make no announcements as yet as to his selections for his official cabinet, Mayor Elect John Purroy Mitchel took the oath of office. He was sworn in by Supreme Court Justice John Ford.

The mayor elect's formal induction into office will take place in the city hall at noon Jan. 1 and will be private, followed by a reception to the general public. At that time, so Mr. Mitchel

promises, he will name his appointees to the more important municipal posts.

Prompt denial was given by Mr. Mitchel to the published story that he and Samuel S. Koenig, Republican county chairman, have had a serious disagreement over patronage. Questioned over the telephone at his home concerning the report, Mr. Mitchel said: "I have not read the papers, but any story that there has been a disagreement between Mr. Koenig and myself is untrue. Mr. Koenig is here with me now and will join with me in saying so. The story was made up entirely out of the imagination of the writers."

Both Oscar S. Straus and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who succeeded in seeing Mr. Mitchel after prolonged waiting in his outer offices, denied that their visits had anything to do with candidates for office.

The First Ironclad.

The French were the first people to apply in a practical shape the idea of reviving the use of armor on the sides of ships. They constructed five floating batteries clad with four inches of iron. Of these the first was the *Tonnante*, mounting sixteen guns. She was launched at Brest in 1855. The first ironclad warship proper was the *La Gloire*, launched in November, 1859. *La Gloire* was of 5,000 tons displacement and 800 horse power. The famous *Merrimac* and *Moultre* gave the world the first fight between ironclads, but they were not the first mailed battleships. The *La Gloire* was afloat more than a year before the historic encounter in Hampton Roads.—New York American.

Geo. W. Johnson

Sanitary
Plumbing,
Tinning,
Heating and
Ventilating.

GIVE US A CALL

20 S. SECOND ST.

CLEARFIELD, PENN.

D. F. GUELICH
DEALER IN

...COAL...

Mines close to town. Coal from the famous *Mechanics* vein. Also other veins suitable for steam and domestic purposes. A postal address to D. F. Guelich, Clearfield R. F. D. No. 3 will bring you a load of coal promptly. H. & C. Phone.

Another Supplement Next Sunday

(DECEMBER 28TH)

The third instalment of reproductions
in full color of

Violet Oakley's Paintings

—the famous William Penn pictures in the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg.

The demand for these pictures is very great, and notwithstanding the extra large editions printed, the supply is certain to run short in some places. To make sure of obtaining a complete set of the Cycle of Fifteen Pictures, place your order now with your news agent for the next six issues of the Sunday PUBLIC LEDGER.

PUBLIC  LEDGER

DAILY 2 CENTS

SUNDAY 5 CENTS

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Agent for Clearfield, Pa.
THE KURTZ STATIONERY STORE
Second St.

FOR THE AFTERNOON.

A Daring but Chic
Millinery Creation



STUNNING MODEL IN BLACK VELVET.

The Paris modistes deserve much praise this season, and not only for the beauty of their modes, but because they have finally succeeded in making a radical change in styles. Indeed, many millinery authorities say that the new hats are the best that they have seen in years. Without any idea of reflecting upon the genius of the French modistes, the millinery modes of the last year or so were rather monotonous and not as artistic as those that have just made their debut. It may be that the craze for tulle and lace during the summer inspired the creating of dashing fairs, chic angles and the wonderful posing of trimmings. The posing of trimming is a noticeable feature of the stunning hat pictured. This adornment is of natural ostrich in blue, shading from a dark to light tone. The hat is of black velvet with a high flare at the back. This is one of the very smartest shapes of the season.

Out of the Garden.

Mr. Rural Hamlet (to ministerial agent)—Do have some more of the corn, Dr. Elgthly: it came out of our own garden. Little Buttin Hamlet—Yes, 'n' the chicken came out of our own garden too. Pa said he bet the folks next door would keep their hens at home after he caught a few more of 'em.—Judge.

MABEL'S CHITCHAT

Don't Let That Chronic Discontented Feeling "Git You."

GOOD FOR A RESOLUTION.

The Reason Why One is Often Held Up by the Wedding Present Habit—An Amusing Contradiction—"Sput" Society the Latest.

Dear Elsa—Do you ever feel thoroughly discontented with things in general? Do you ever say to yourself: "It's impossible to be happy and contented as I am. If I only had a little more money, if my work was a little bit more congenial and interesting, if I had time for my hobbies, how happy I could be!"

You do? Well, that's only human. Most of us feel like that every now and then, and my now and then is right now, so I'm going to "take it out" on you, my poor, patient Elsa.

You say it's a feeling one should guard against. Surely it is, and I realize as well as you do that it has a knack of growing and growing. This discontented spirit, until it becomes perilously near owning one entirely. When one reaches that state one lives in a fog of discontent. One is perpetually at war with one's surroundings—the immutable square peg in a round hole. And this is a very unpleasant and uncomfortable frame of mind to slip into. You're uncomfortable company for yourself and a perfect nuisance to your friends.

Yesterday Aunt Margaret was here, and I grumbled to her somewhat after the fashion of these vapors to you.

"My dear," said my venerable relative, "when you find yourself getting into this state of mind you have simply got to do one of two things—either you must change your circumstances or you must change your mind."

I humbly inquired what I should do to be saved.

"Well, my dear, I certainly don't mean that you can alter things by sitting down where you are and never stirring a finger to better conditions."

"No, dear. It means that when you cannot better things you must cheerfully endure what can't be cured."

"It sounds difficult. It is difficult. But it can be done. There is no need to be a slave to your thoughts. You can be their master. The gift of contentment can be cultivated."

Aunt Margaret insists that when the discontented spirit gets hold of one's mind one must think of what a number of people there are who are worse off than oneself and yet are happy and what a number of persons better off than oneself who let happiness slip away from them.

This depression is nothing more than a social crime and to be treated as

such. It is moral assault and battery. What right has one to spread discontent—to have bright, gay people come to one and to send them away dull and dispirited?

So, dear, my New Year's resolution is going to be a change of mind, and when the goblin of discontent "gits" me I am going to shoo him off and to think immediately of pleasant and encouraging things.

I don't see why I feel so much like lecturing you today. Probably it is because I can't help realizing that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Now for gayer things.

I wonder how many wedding presents are sent because the donors really want to. Precious few, I reckon. I have been obliged to give so many of these gifts this season simply because it was the proper thing to do.

A rather amusing incident occurred at a recent fashionable wedding I attended. A bachelor, talking to the bride's mother, who was showing the wedding presents, exclaimed on pointing to a clock among several others:

"Ah, a stunning piece, by Jove! Just my idea of the real thing!"

"Yes," murmured the lady, "we did not know you unmarried men had such excellent judgment on these things."

He was still puzzling over the meaning of her reply when his sister, who always buys his presents for him, tagged at his coat sleeve and whispered:

"Don't be an ass. It's the one you are supposed to have sent."

Apropos of the "fancies" adorning our hats this winter, I am going to ask, Are you a "sput"?

"Sputs" are people who sputter when their eyes are almost put out or their noses tickled by the long, fluffy feathers projecting at acute angles from milady's hat. Well, a crabbed old gentleman out for his health on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus the other afternoon had his nerves upset by the intermittent brushing in his eyes of what looked like a mouse on a stick, but which turned out to be a little bunch of gray fur on a wire. That did not soothe the poor man much.

"These females must be stopped," he sputtered. "Why should our comfort be endangered just for their idiotic fashions? I'll form a society and get a law passed prohibiting women from wearing feathers more than twelve inches long."

Dick says he is going out now to join the old man's feather brigade. Sympathize with yours faithfully, New York, MABEL.

Modest.

"Jibway seems to be an unusually modest man."

"Indeed he is. Why, Jibway can climb down from a Pullman car while his train hesitates at a little country station and walk up and down the station platform without looking as if he owned the railroad."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

"To hell with this court!" said an I. W. W. member in Kansas City. He was fined \$50.

President Wilson has nominated George W. Wolf as assistant appraiser of merchandise at New York.

The house passed the omnibus war claims bill, carrying an appropriation of \$1,729,022.11.

Scores of skeletons of a race of giants, twelve feet in height, were dug up on a drainage project at Crowville, La.

Palo la Baribieri of Utica, N. Y., was sentenced to ten years for placing a bomb at the door of a wealthy merchant.

Three negroes seized Mrs. Seth Irby of Jefferson county, Ga., and cut her throat while her children begged for mercy.

Mrs. Albert S. Burleson, wife of Postmaster General Burleson, saw her playlet, "The Secretary," produced at a theater.

Governor Dunne of Illinois granted Henry Spencer, murderer of Mildred Allison-Reynolds, sentenced to die Friday, a four weeks' stay.

Armies of Animals.

Some idea of the vast numbers of animals that Africa used to support can be gained from a passage in W. Scully's reminiscences. It was Mr. Scully's good fortune in 1892 to witness the last great trek of springboks from east to west of the Bushmanland desert—a trek on a scale such as no man will ever see again. Fencing, the increase of population and the distribution of arms have almost exterminated the once innumerable host. He says, "I have stood on an eminence some twenty feet high, far out on the plains, and seen the absolutely level surface as far as the eye could reach covered with resting springboks, while from over the eastern horizon the rising columns of dust told of fresh hosts advancing."

Constipation

Impossible to be well. The foe to good health. Correct at once. Ayer's Pills. One at bedtime. Sold for 60 years. Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

KEELEY TREATMENT
successfully used for 34 years.
Removes all desire for drink and drugs.
4246 FIFTH AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA.

We Do Late Printing

Clearfield's Large General Store

is well able to supply the late shoppers. Stocks replenished as sold, and at this late hour we have large assortments to select from.

Shoes	Ladies' Neckwear	Furs
Slippers	Ladies' Umbrellas	Silk Waists
Gloves	Men's Umbrellas	Petticoats
Men's Shirts	Jewelry Sundries	Chinaware
Men's Ties	Wool Blankets	Glassware
Hosiery	Cotton Blankets	Nuts
Trunks	Haps	Fruits
Rain Coats	Carpet Sweepers	Candy
Hand Bags	Handkerchiefs	Dinner Sets
Suit Cases	Dress Materials	Toilet Sets
Ribbons	Table Linens	Lamps

ROSS & WOODS

Next to Post Office 113-115 Market Street

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$1,065,000
Total Resources 4,000,000

Commercial Accounts

The commercial accounts of business men are especially welcomed by this bank.

The amount of its invested capital and the extent of its total resources have enabled it in the past to meet the needs of its depositors and insure its ability to do so for the future.

The officers will appreciate an opportunity to discuss your banking needs with you.

What You Pay In

CLASS 1. U-Pay 1c the first week, 2c the second week, and 1c additional to each deposit for 50 weeks.

CLASS 2. U-Pay 2c the first week and 2c additional to each deposit for 50 weeks.

CLASS 5. U-Pay 5c the first week and 5c additional to each deposit for 50 weeks.

CLASS 5A. U-Pay \$2.50 the first week and 5c less each week for 50 weeks.

The Christmas Saving Club

OF THE

Clearfield National Bank

THE PURPOSE/OF THE CHRISTMAS SAVING CLUB is to help you to accumulate a fund for Christmas and incidentally to demonstrate to you the ease with which you can accustom yourself to saving a portion of your earnings.

THE ADVANTAGE to you of joining in the operation of this CLUB is that you form the habit of SAVING and you accomplish this with no burden to yourself nor of any sacrifice on your part for you can begin with a deposit of ONE CENT if you desire.

THE RESULT of your joining in this effort is that at the end of the year in DECEMBER, 1914, the CLEARFIELD NATIONAL BANK will mail you check for the Full Amount of Your Total Deposit with THREE PER CENT. INTEREST Added To it.

THE CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB of the CLEARFIELD NATIONAL BANK will help you save a fund for use at Christmas time or for a vacation; it will help you on the way to financial independence and make easy the accumulation of savings which in time of illness or emergency will stand as a bulwark to protect YOU from want and distress.

Q FIRST DEPOSITS WILL BE ACCEPTED DECEMBER 16th, 1913, or any day thereafter until JANUARY 9th, 1914.

Clearfield National Bank
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

What You Take Out

DURING

Dec., 1914

At the end of 50 weeks you would have on deposit under

CLASS 1
\$12.75

And Interest

CLASS 2
\$25.50

And Interest

CLASS 5
\$63.75

And Interest

CLASS 5A
\$63.75

And Interest

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published Every Day Except
Sunday by the

The Progressive Publishing Co.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Official organ of the Washington
Party of Clearfield county.

OFFICERS:

Robert H. Sommerville, President.
James H. Minds, Vice President.
E. W. Hess, Treasurer.
Harry A. Reed, Sec. and Gen. Mgr.
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year	\$3.00
Six Months	1.50
One Month	.25
Three Months	.75

Entered at the Post Office at
Clearfield, Pa., as mail matter of the
second class.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1913.

Good evening! Have you ex-
changed those undesirable presents
yet?

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

There is a whole temperance lec-
ture in the effect of a drunken man's
cry of fire in Italian hall, Calumet,
Michigan, on Christmas day. As a
result of that false alarm seventy
two persons, mostly little children,
were either trampled to death or
died of suffocation after being thrown
to the floor of the hall by the panic-
stricken people who had gathered to

witness the Christmas day exercises.
This terrible catastrophe would
have been averted had not the un-
known man who raised the alarm
been so besotted with drink that he
was lost to all sense of humanity
and temporarily deprived of the
ability to realize the enormity of
his offense. But drunken to be-
stiality, this individual gave voice
to a cry which at all times converts
people from sanity to insanity, with
the result that little children who had
taken part in the Christmas celebra-
tion were crushed to death.

In the case of this man rum turned
him into a fiend and he was ready
to act as the agent of destruction
of the lives of innocent little children.
Fortunately for him, he escaped after
the audience had become panic-
stricken and could not be brought to
punishment for his terrible crime. Pos-
sibly men of his class cannot be
reached with good advice, but the
awful lesson taught by this horror
should sink deep into the minds of
other men who permit strong drink
to make beasts of them.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Let those who have no poetry in
their souls and who are fit for trea-
son, state-games and spoils scoff at
nature's handiwork, if they will, those
who have eyes to see and brains
to appreciate could not help gazing
with delight at the grand display of
artistic beauty which had been placed
on exhibition during Christmas night.
The scenes presented to the eye Fri-
day morning were such as to draw
from the hearts of the people ex-
clamations of pleasure.

The beautiful snow came down
heavily and in bulk. It covered the
earth and the things on the earth.
Trees and their limbs and branches
gathered the flakes to themselves
and scattered them over the unwary
pedestrian. Wires and clothes lines
were festooned with the white sub-
stance. Roofs were soon covered,
promising trouble to those residents
who thought of the weak rafters. Sidewalks which have not yet been
cleared of a former snowfall had
several inches of snow added to the
accumulation, much to the sorrow

of the man whose wife is too deli-
cate to shovel snow.

The snow covered and hid from
view a multitude of things which it
might be well not to mention. Ash
heaps disappeared as if by magic.
Old tin cans, alley rubbish and last
summer's birds' nests all wore white
overcoats which only a warm sun
can remove. The mud in the streets
was lost to view for a time, and
naught marred the pearly coverlet
that nature had spread over Mother
Earth.

There is nothing so beautiful as a
damp snow which clings to all kinds
of objects, yet a big fall of snow
will develop more rheumatism in the
limbs and more "misery" in the
backs of the delicately nurtured men
whose wives are robust enough to
wield the snow shovel than even an
invitation to beat the carpets at a
spring house cleaning will.

If you didn't use your camera Fri-
day you missed a chance to get
some very rare pictures.

A western judge has granted a
divorce to a woman who claimed
that her husband objected to her
dancing the tango, visiting shows and
otherwise enjoying herself after the
fashion of the day among women. Hu-
mane judge, he had pity on the poor
persecuted husband.

Luzerne county saloon keepers re-
fused to close their bars on Christ-
mas. There are more murders com-
mitted in Luzerne county than in
any other county in Pennsylvania.

Pity the maiden who stood under
the mistletoe without avail.

While you are waiting to make
new year's resolutions get busy on
that snow-covered sidewalk.

The Indicting Instinct.

"Do you think women ought to hold
public office?"

"Well, in some cases. But, judging
from the way they talked about every
body in the community I'd hate to
have those who met at my house yes-
terday on a grand jury."—Washington

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

The Abdomen.

If you wish to avoid having a
protuberant abdomen, exercise
freely and avoid an excess of
sweets and starchy foods. In
bending, stooping, climbing and
squatting the abdominal muscles
are brought into play and kept
in good condition.

Whenever possible exercise in
the open air. Walking, running,
swimming and mountain climb-
ing will develop the lungs, chest
and heart and put on muscle in
stead of ugly, superfluous fat.
One great advantage about these
exercises is that they are free
and can be enjoyed by the poor
as well as the wealthy.

Premiums Upon Babies.

Augustus, emperor of Rome, made
babies a passport to office. By the
Lex Papia Poppaea, passed in A. D.
9, definite preference as regards office
was given to the fathers of satisfac-
torily large families. Such fathers were
eligible for office before twenty-five.
They took precedence of colleagues
with no children or fewer than three
and were preferred all round. The
privilege was called the "jus trium lib-
erorum" (three children privilege) but
the qualifying number, three in Rome
was four in Italy five in the prov-
inces. The system, however, never
worked well.

A Snow Hurricane.

The buran, or snow hurricane of the
Pamirs is a meteorological phenom-
enon of great interest. Even in mid-
summer the temperature during a
snow buran frequently falls to 14 de-
grees F., while in one winter it drop-
ped to 45 degrees below zero at the
end of January. The buran comes
with startling suddenness, the atmos-
phere growing dark with whirling
snowflakes where scarcely a minute
before the sky was perfectly clear.

Very Sad.

First Salesman—A woman was ar-
rested downstairs this morning. Sec-
ond Salesman—What for? First Sales-
man—She was caught in the act of
concealing a hand mirror. Second
Salesman—Poor woman! That's what
comes of taking a glass too much.—
Chicago News

PERSONAL MENTION

Clayton Rowles spent Christmas at
his home in Paradise.

Ermitt Ellenberger, who has been a
teaching school at State college, is
spending his Christmas vacation with
his parents on West Market street.

Stanly Chase, who is conducting
a tailoring establishment in Jersey
Shore, is spending a few days with
his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chase,
on West 4th avenue.

Elmer Kurtz, from the Culver Mil-
itary school, is spending his vaca-
tion with his parents on West Mar-
ket street.

Philip Kennedy is spending his va-
cation with his parents on the West
Side.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Roop spent
Christmas with Mrs. Roop's father,
J. W. Undercoffer. Mr. Roop, who
is superintendent of the rolling mills
here returned home the same even-
ing. Before returning to Clearfield
Mrs. Roop will visit relatives in
Philadelphia.

Miss Sara Cummings, historical
sciences teacher in the public schools
of Clearfield, is visiting her old home
in New Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaudin Kragle, of
Phillipsburg and William J. Kragle,
of Columbus, Ohio, spent Christmas
with the young men's father, John
L. Kragle, on Locust street.

Miss Helen Johnson is the guest
of Pittsburgh friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stage, of
Youngstown, Ohio are visiting Mr.
Stage's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac
Stage, of Fourth avenue.

Mrs. James F. Fletcher, of Pine
street, is entertaining as her guest
Mrs. Smith, of Tyrone.

Miss Dorothy Woodward, who is
spending her Christmas vacation with
her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. H.

Woodward, will have charge of the
Epworth League at Trinity church at
6:45 tomorrow evening.

Frederick Burchfield, manager of
the Western Union Telegraph office
at Ocoola, spent Christmas with his
mother in town.

Al Neveling, of the Baltimore medi-
cal college, is spending his vacation
with his parents on 3rd st.

Lula Remanier spent Christmas
with her mother on Weaver street.

Mrs. M. J. Fry, of Westover, and
daughter, Flora, teacher of the school
at Turtle Creek, spent Christmas
with their friends, Dr. J. M. Grogan
and family.

Miss Alice Lehman, of Clearfield,
is in the private hospital of Dr. Mc-
Quirk, at Phillipsburg, where she was
operated on for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sholt spent
Christmas with friends in Phila-
delphia.

Frank H. M. Culley, of Ocoola,
Miss, was in town today and qual-
ified as a justice of the peace to
succeed the late J. A. Gallagher.

John A. Dale, Esq. of Corvau-
ville, was attending to business in the
city today.

John Shugarts, of Mount Union,
Huntingdon county, is visiting in this
section at present.

Wade Snyder and daughter, Miss
Nancy, of Winber, were the guests
of the former's parents, Mr. and
Mrs. S. I. Snyder, on Market street,
this week.

What Ailed Him.

"They tell me you've lost your head
man."
"Yep, best farm hand I ever had."
"Sho! What was the matter?"
"Nothin'. John's a German, you
know, and these here Germans has
what they call the wanderlust. It's
somethin' thet keeps 'em movin' down
one place to t'other and don't let 'em
stay long anywhere."
"That's queer, ain't it? How long
had John been with you?"
"Only eleven years."—Cleveland

LEITZINGER BROS.

LEITZINGER BROS.

After Christmas Sale AT GREAT PRICE REDUCTIONS Commences Saturday, December 27th '13 And will be in Force Balance of Year

To the buyers from now to the last day of this year THIS SALE
MEANS LARGE SAVINGS

2nd FLOOR LEADS IN BIG REDUCTIONS

- ☐ A fine lot of Millinery at half price and less.
- ☐ Our entire stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats and Suits, some at half price and less. Some less 1-4 to 1-3 of regular value. All of them at a substantial reduction.
- ☐ GOWNS AND DRESSES. For street, afternoon and evening wear. New and old, every garment will be subject to this sale.

☐ ALL OVER THE LARGE STORE you can invest your Christmas money at a saving

LEITZINGER BROS., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

☐ OUR SPLENDID STOCK OF FURS will be placed on sale during these special days at prices you will not often see on such fine selected Furs so early in the season.

A CLEAN UP SALE ON TOYS, GAMES, DOLLS and all Basement Christmas Goods

☐ The entire stock has been reasorted and prices reduced.

Our January Clearance Sale, Starts Saturday, Dec. 27th

Ahead of Everybody, Even the Calendar

Women's Ready-to-wear Garments, Suits, Coats, Waists, Dresses and Furs at the Lowest Price notch for the year
SALE STARTS SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 27th, 1913

January Clearance Prices on Dresses



Women's Serge, Poplin and Velvet Dresses Less than Half Price

We have had the best dress season in the history of the store. Hundreds of dresses have been sold.

We have just 44 dresses left and we have placed on them such low prices as will insure a quick clearance.

At \$3.95 Only group of 12 dresses that are worth from \$7.50 to \$10.00. Materials are Serges and Shepherd's Checks.

At \$4.95 This lot includes ten dresses that are worth from \$7.50 to \$12.50. Clearance price \$4.95.

At \$5.95 Only six dresses in this lot, but they are choice styles and worth from \$10 to \$15.

At \$9.95 Just four Velvet dresses in this lot, worth from \$17.50 to \$20.

Women's Tailored Suits at Clearance Prices

The warm unseasonable weather this Fall caused a lack of interest in heavy coats, but made tailored suits very much in demand, therefore we have only a limited amount to offer in this Clearance Sale, so if you have put off buying until now you will profit by these reductions. We have made four groups of them at prices that spell a rapid clearance.

\$9.75, \$14.75, \$19.75, \$24.75

\$9.75 For Suits regular price \$15 and 16.50.

\$14.75 For Suits regular price \$19.50 and 22.50.

\$19.75 For Suits regular price \$25 and 27.50.

\$24.75 For Suits regular price \$35 and 40.00.

Special Lot of Suits at \$5.00

There are just twelve Suits in this lot were from last season, most of them were worth up to \$25; good length coats and material and workmanship all that could be desired. Clearance Price \$5.00.



WINTER COATS AT BIG REDUCTIONS. IN MANY INSTANCES LESS THAN HALF.

A weather man told us last Fall that we would have a cold winter. On this advice we prepared with double the stock of Coats we usually buy.

You know that the weather man as well as ourselves made a wrong guess. Hence we have an unusually large stock of coats to go into the Clearance Sale, and our loss will be your gain, with winter just coming on you'll have three months of good service out of a coat purchased now at about half price.

\$3.95 A group of twelve women's warm winter coats, materials are mixtures, chinchillas, plush and caracul, former price \$7.50 to \$12.50. Clearance Price \$3.95.

\$5.95 There are sixteen coats in this lot, and everyone represents an opportunity of a life time. They are heavy mixed cloakings, and a few plain colored cloakings, regular values from \$12.50 to \$15.00. Clearance price \$5.95

\$7.95 At this price the assortment is large and varied. There being thirty-four stylish winter coats actual worth from \$13.50 to \$19.75, materials are mixtures, boucle, chinchilla, serges and astrakan. Clearance price \$7.95



\$9.95 At this price we offer thirty-six Coats that are the best values in Coats we've ever offered. Among them are coats that were formerly \$25.00. They are good warm winter coats, with style and durability. Colors are black, brown, navy, and grays. Materials represented are Chinchilla, Boucle, Astrakan, Serge, Brocade Velour, Imitation Mole Skin and a fine assortment of Mixtures; all good styles and full run of sizes. Clearance Sale Price \$9.95.

\$12.95 Sixteen Coats in this lot, but sizes are well assorted. The materials are Boucle, Plain Chinchilla, Cut Chinchilla and Plain Cloakings. Some are lined throughout with Brocade lining, others with Plain Heavy satin. Regular price \$22.50 and \$25.00. Clearance Price \$12.95

\$14.95 A group of twenty-five Coats at this price. There is such a variety of cloths and styles at this price that space does not permit us to describe them as we would like. The materials are Persiannas, Boucle, Astrakan, Velours, Duvetyen and Chinchilla. Some have fur collars and cuffs, some are full length coats others are 45 and 48 inches long. Values up to \$35.00. Clearance price \$14.95

\$19.95 Here you have a choice of any coat in the store value up to \$40.00. There are twenty of these high grade coats, each with an individual style all its own. Clearance price \$19.75.

FURS AND FUR COATS AT CLEARANCE PRICES



Right at the beginning of winter comes to you our January Clearance Prices on beautiful Warm Fur Garments, which means that you can now buy your winter furs at but a fraction of actual values, for here you'll find liberal reductions of all Fur Pieces, Fur Muffs, Fur Scarfs, Fur Sets and Fur Coats.

\$ 45.00 Black Pony Coats, 45 inches	\$29.75
50.00 Black Pony Coats, Shawl Collar	39.50
65.00 Black Pony Coats, Shawl Collar	47.50
85.00 Black Pony Coats	67.50
95.00 Black Pony Coats, Fur Collar	75.00
100.00 Black Pony Coats, Fur Collar and Cuffs	77.50
75.00 Marmot Coat, Shawl Collar	57.50
100.00 Marmot Coat, Beaver Collar	77.50
150.00 Hudson Seal Coat	95.00
Children's Fur Sets	\$1.50 to \$10.00
Misses' Fur Sets	5.00 to 16.50
Ladies' Neckpieces	2.50 to 45.00
Ladies' Fur Muffs	2.50 to 65.00

BEAUTIFUL WAISTS AT CLEARANCE PRICES

At 69c Women's warm flannelette tailored waists, gray and tan, grounds with blue and white, black and white, gray and white stripe with tailored separate collar and attached cuffs, regular price \$1.00. January Clearance Price 69c.

At 98c Women's sheer white voile and batiste waists, high or low neck, long sleeve with embroidery hemstitching and frills, regular \$1.50 value. January Clearance Price 98c.

At \$1.98 High-class \$2.50 and \$3.50 white voile, crepe, batiste and marquisette waists, high or low neck, long sleeve, beautifully trimmed with lace, frills and embroidery. Clearance Price \$1.98.

At \$2.95 Beautiful fine net and shadow lace waists, frills and ribbon trimmed, regular \$4.00 values. January Clearance Sale Price, \$2.95.



A. W. LEONARDSON CO., 229-231 MARKET STREET

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Fourth Quarter,
For Dec. 28, 1913.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Quarterly Review,
Read Josh. xxiv—Golden Text, John
iii, 16—Commentary by Rev. D. M.
Stearns.

LESSON I.—Moses' Cry For Help.
Num. xi, 10-15, 24, 25. Golden Text.
Jas. v, 16, "The supplication of a
righteous man availeth much in its
working." The continual complaining
of his rebellious people was enough to
ar any one out and led Moses to
say, "It is too heavy for me," but he
ways took everything to the Lord in
prayer. This was one of the occasions
when he felt unnecessarily burdened,
as if he had to do it.

LESSON II.—Jealousy and Envy Punished.
Num. xii, Golden Text, I Cor.
xiii, 4, 5, "Love envieth not; love vaunteth
not itself, is not puffed up, doth not
behave itself unseemly." The devil is
ever at work in the world and in the
church, but it is sad indeed when he
is allowed to enter a Christian household.
It should be said of Christians,
"See how these believers love one another."

LESSON III.—The Report of the Spies.
Num. xiii, 1-3, 25-33. Golden Text.
Rom. viii, 31, "If God is for us, who is
against us?" To inquire if what God
says is true or to question if He is
able to do as He has said is indeed
bad business. The shepherds did better
who said, "Let us go and see this
thing which has come to pass" (Luke ii,
15). When the Lord is as real to us
as He was to Caleb and Joshua we will
not consider giant difficulties of any
kind.

LESSON IV.—The Sin of Moses and
Aaron. Num. xx, 1-13. Golden Text.
Ps. xix, 14, "Let the words of my
mouth and the meditation of my heart
be acceptable in thy sight, O Jehovah,
my Rock and my Redeemer." The failure
of Moses on the line of meekness
after forty years of victory and intercession
for such a people should humble
us all in the dust before God and
lead us never for one moment to trust
ourselves in any way.

LESSON V.—Balaak and Balaam. Num.
xxii, 2-4; xxiv, 10-19. Golden Text.
Jas. i, 8, "A double minded man, un-
stable in all his ways." Every phase
of human nature is set before us in
Scripture, but Balaam is one of the
strangest, ready to do anything for
money, even to curse the people of
God, and yet afraid to go against God
and ready to speak His messages, yet
a leader of the Lord's people into sin-
ful ways (Rev. ii, 14).

LESSON VI.—Abstinence For the Sake
of Others. Rom. xiv, 7-21. Golden Text.
Rom. xiv, 21, "It is good not to eat
flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do any-
thing whereby thy brother stumbleth." As
the Lord Jesus Christ is our only
Saviour, He should be our only exam-
ple, and His approval our only aim.

LESSON VII.—The Death of Moses.
Deut. xxxiv, 1-12. Golden Text, Ps.
cxvi, 15, "Precious in the sight of Je-
hovah is the death of His saints." In
some respects the most remarkable
death and burial on record, as his was
also in some respects the most remark-
able life ever lived. No other man who
died and was buried was ever seen on
earth hundreds of years later and re-
cognized by mortals.

LESSON VIII.—Joshua the New
Leader. Josh. i, 1-9. Golden Text,
Josh. i, 9, "Be strong and of good
courage." Remember the ten times
this exhortation is found (see notes on
this lesson) and associate with it the
five "Be of good cheer" of the Lord
Jesus (Matt. ix, 2, 22; xiv, 27; John
xvi, 33; Acts xxiii, 14). Make much of
the assurance "I will be with thee; I
will not fail thee" (verse 5), and the
"Be not afraid of" of verse 9.

LESSON IX.—Crossing the Jordan.
Josh. iii, 7-17. Golden Text, Isa. xli,
10, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee."
Remember the faith of Rahab and the
story of the scarlet line; also the prom-
incent place of the ark of the covenant
in chapters iii and iv. See the object
in dividing the Red sea and the Jordan,
that the name of the Lord might be
magnified and that all the people of
the earth might know the hand of the
Lord (Isa. lxiii, 12-14; Josh. iv, 24).

LESSON X.—The Fall of Jericho. Josh.
vi, 8-11, 14-20. Golden Text, Mark
ix, 23, "All things are possible to him
that believeth." Note again the prom-
inence of the ark of the covenant and
the only sound heard, that of the trump-
ets of rams' horns. All victory is in
the name of the Lord Jesus and by
virtue of His precious blood. Before
Him all Jerichos fall, all difficulties
vanish.

LESSON XI.—The Sin of Achan. Josh.
vii, 1-15. Golden Text, Num. xxxii,
23, "Be sure your sin will find you
out." We are assured of victory and of
being able to say, "Thanks be unto
God, who always causeth us to triumph
in Christ" (I Cor. ii, 14), but it is
on condition of obedience and of
pleasing, and not grieving the Holy
Spirit.

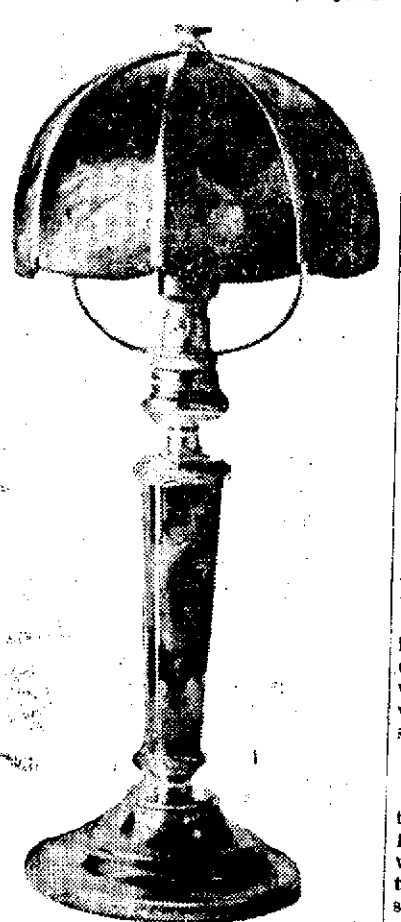
LESSON XII.—The Word Made
Flesh. John i, 1-18. Golden Text, John
i, 14, "And the word became flesh and
dwelt among us." The same one who
created heaven and earth and talked
with Adam and Eve, with Enoch,
Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses
and Joshua, became one of us, sin ex-
cepted, by being born of Mary. He was
unknown on earth except by a few; He
is very little known now, but to all
who receive Him He gives the priv-
ilege of becoming children of God.

LAMPS FOR GIFTS.

Porcelain Figures Used In Dainty and
Novel Design.

A graceful boudoir lamp designed
for a Christmas offering utilizes one
of the dainty French porcelain figures
that have made a place for themselves
lately. The lamp stands about ten
inches high. The stem of the lamp is
of dull brass, and the shade is of rose
colored silk. Through the stem runs
an electric wire to the bulb, which
gives light under the shade.

Under the shade sits the graceful
porcelain figure. She is dressed like a
medieval queen, with a small veil of
tulle bound about her head by a jewel.



IN HOLLY RED TRANSPARENT GLASS.

ed gilt lace band. Her dress is made
of crimson silk, much trimmed with
lace and tiny flowers and gold lace.
And a mantle of crimson velvet, lined
with blue, is draped over the back of
the chair she sits on. A porcelain dog
fawns beside her.

The little group is really charming.
In fact, all the small porcelain figures
are charming. Their real hair is ar-
ranged in lifelike fashion, their hands

and arms are well modeled, their fig-
ures are natural, and their coloring is
delightful.

The electric lamp pictured is a more
practical design carried out in holly
red glass.

Odd Workbasket.

Nearly everything in the world can
be made to serve a double purpose if
one only has a little ingenuity. Take,
for instance, the summer hat, the soft,
floppy straw hat that was in vogue this
year. This hat can be made into a
workbasket for Christmas.

First rip off all the trimmings, then
turn the hat upside down. Take some
silk or cretonne to harmonize with the
straw and line the inside of the crown,
making a tiny frill all around the
edge. Put bias pieces of the material
here and there along the sides of the
basket in which to insert papers of
needles and spoons of thread. Make
also a flimsy case, which you sew se-
curely to the frilled edge.

Rip off a section of straw from the
brim of the hat and with this make a
handle, or if the brim is not wide
enough use ribbon, with a bow at the
top. The summer hat has become a
useful article.

A Talking Clock.

Have you seen the new talking
clock? It is decidedly new in clock-
kind and would make a very suitable
present for this winter's bride. The
case is made of dark walnut or mahog-
any and is about fourteen inches high.
On first looking at it one would im-
agine that it was simply an ordinary
clock, although a very good looking
one. But if fortunate enough to hear
the hours and half hours announced
one might be startled to hear a deep
man's voice call out, "Half past 3."

By means of a phonograph installed
inside of the body of the frame this
unnatural timepiece is given a voice
very unlike the ordinary wooden clock,
which in all appearance it resembles
so closely.

Washing a Chamois Garment.

The secret is in not having the water
too hot or letting it get cold. Make a
loap jelly by slicing white soap in
water and boiling it. Put enough of
this into warm water to make a good
suds and wash the article in it. If the
garment is quite soiled repeat as often
as necessary; then rinse in water of
the same temperature made quite
soapy with the jelly. Squeeze, but do
not wring the garment, and hang to
dry in a warm place. Keep squeezing
the water out and patting between the
hands to soften the skin while it is
drying.

Gave Her a Tip.

Wife—Do you love me still, dear?
Hub—Why, yes. But you're never
still.—Boston Transcript.

THE THRIFTY MAN IS ALWAYS AHEAD

HE is not absolutely dependent upon his pay envelope.
He has money put away and when a chance to
make some money by a timely purchase turns up, he is
ready for it.

BE THRIFTY--Dollars are slippery things, they
go through ones fingers before he knows it. The sure
way is to open an account with us and the dollars are in
a safe place and will not tempt you to spend them.

Clearfield Trust Company

GREAT PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE

in business methods, and this bank has
kept pace with them.

While conservative in the interest of
SAFETY, our equipment and business meth-
ods are modern. Let us do business
together to our mutual advantage.

Clearfield National Bank

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Capital \$200,000

Surplus \$200,000

ROYAL Baking Powder

Makes
the lightest
most
delicious
and
tasty
hot biscuit

No other baking powder equals it in effective-
ness, purity and wholesomeness.

Royal Baking Powder

is indispensable
to the prepa-
ration of the
finest cake,
hot-breads, rolls
and muffins.

ROYAL
Has No Substitute

TO BEAUTIFY THE HOME.

Wall Paper In Damask Designs Popu-
lar This Winter.

The interior walls of our houses are
claiming the attention now of archi-
tects as well as decorators, and never
were more interesting fabrics and pa-
pers assembled from which to select.
The paneled room in wall paper is
popular, sometimes making each wall
into a panel with broad bands of roses.
At other times two or three panels to
a side with conventionalized borders
are used. It is suited to a colonial
room, and with the old colonial furni-
ture nothing could be more appropriate
and charming.

Wall papers in damask designs are
popular. They suggest a pattern, but
are carried out in one tone. The real
damask is used also, very much coarser
than our table damask, but it is made
in many colors, which make possible
many beautiful effects.

The curtain materials now at the
best decorators show the beautiful old
heavy colorings of the early centuries.
Cotton tapestries are seen carrying out
the early English needlework. Mer-
cerized goods are in great demand,
especially the damasks in solid colors.
The new cretonnes displayed are won-
derful, many being in Chinese designs.
There are serges in colors and designs
which make a beautiful curtain drap-
ery.

CONSCIENCE.

Why should we ever go abroad,
even across the way, to ask a neigh-
bor's advice? There is a nearer
neighbor within us incessantly tell-
ing us how we should behave, but
we wait for the neighbor without to
tell us of some false, easier way.—
Thoreau.

COMPENSATION.

The whole story of earthly exist-
ence is one of compensations. Many
a gift we craved and were denied
held in its train the one we were glad
to have been spared. Many a sorrow
that has darkened our way, though
its memory may still remain bitter,
has wrought some change of char-
acter or conditions that we would
be unwilling to give up.

Classifying an Audience.

A popular lecturer once classified his
audience as follows: The "well at-
tentive," the "quick responsive," the
"hard to lift," the "won't applaud"
and the "get up and go outa."—London
Telegraph.

The Typewriter Used by "Big Business"

—Yours for 17 Cents a Day!

The Oliver Typewriter No. 5--the famous Printype Model used by the world's
greatest firms and corporations--is offered to anyone, anywhere, for 17 Cents a Day.
The same model which the purchasing agents of "Big Business" buy by the
HUNDRED, now sold to the public for PENNIES.

Sold at the regular \$100 price, but ON TERMS SO EASY that each machine
quickly pays for itself. The price includes all the latest improvements, the special
time-saving devices and the beautiful new Printype obtainable only on this model.

A Profit-Sharing Agency Plan

We now have in operation in the United States and
Canada more than 15,000 Oliver Local Agencies. These
agents have received hundreds of thousands of dollars in
profits on sales of Oliver Typewriters.

There are still hundreds of places where no agencies
are established.

Applicants for Oliver Local Agencies must be earnest
workers. They need not have had previous experience.

We enroll them at once in The Oliver School of
Practical Salesmanship and teach them selling--all as part
of the free training given Oliver Agents.

When they have proved their worth, we promote them
to the direct service, in which they may rise to the
highest positions in the Company.

One of our general officials began his Oliver career as
a Local Agent at Waco, Texas.

Printype
OLIVER
Typewriter

Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver is the best seller because it is the best typewriter. It has many exclusive features. It is the only type-
writer that PRINTS PRINT. It really owns and controls Printype, now conceded to be the greatest single advance
ever made in typewriter construction.

We GUARANTEE Printype to be exclusively used on Oliver Typewriters.

Oliver Agents sell Printype Oliver in thousands. The demand is voluntary and steady.

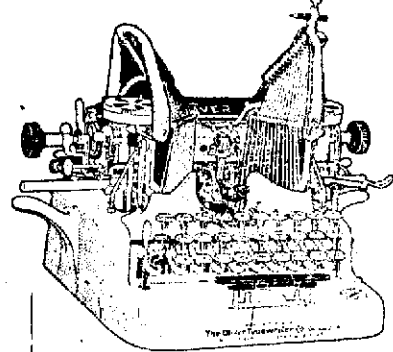
Oliver Agents are permitted to sell our 17-cents-a-Day Plan, which
puts the Oliver in everyone's reach. Agents may even secure their own
sample outfits on the 17-Cents-a-Day Plan and let their agency earnings
help to carry the deal.

Oliver agents are protected in exclusive selling rights in the territory
given them. They own the local typewriter business.

When you apply, be sure to give some details about the typewriter sales
possibilities of your town, village or city.

And Don't Delay

We like and reward promptness.
Full details of Agency Proposition, a specimen of Printype, the 17-Cents-
a-Day Plan and other interesting information will be sent immediately on
receipt of your application.



The Oliver Typewriter Company

800 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

HARRY A. REED Special Oliver Representative for Clearfield and Curwensville.

REX BEACH ADVENTURE STORIES

The Test

By REX BEACH

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PIERRE "FEROCÉ" showed disapproval in his every attitude as plainly as disgust peers from the seams in his dark face. It lurked in his scowl and in the curl of his long rawhide that bit among the sled dogs. So at least thought Willard as he clung to the swinging sled.

They were skirting the coast, keeping to the glare ice, wind swept and clean, that lay outside the jumbled shore pack. The team ran silently in the free gait of the gray wolf, romping in harness from pure joy of motion and the intoxication of perfect life, making the sled runners whine like the song of a cutlass.

This route is dangerous, of course, from hidden cracks in the floes, and most travelers hug the bluffs, but he who rides with Pierre "Ferocé" takes chances. It was this that had won him the name of "Wild" Pierre, the most reckless, careless man of the north, a scoffer at peril, bolting through danger with rush and frenzy, straining sheerly by vigor those obstacles which destroy strong men in the north.

The power that pulsed within him gleamed from his eyes, rang in his song, showed in the aggressive thrust of his sensual face.

This particular morning, however, Pierre's distemper had crystallized into a great contempt for his companion. Of all trials the most detestable is to hit the trail with half a man, a pale, anaemic weakling like this stranger.

Though modest in the extent of his learning, Pierre gloated in a freedom of speech the which no man dared deny him. He turned to eye his companion cynically for a second time, and contempt was patent in his gaze. Willard appeared slender and pallid in his furs, though his clear cut features spoke a certain strength and much refinement.

"Bah! I think you dam poor feller!" he said finally. "Ow you going stan' there trip, eh? She's need beeg mans, not little run like you."

Amusement at this frankness glinted in Willard's eyes.

"You're like all ignorant people. You think in order to stand hardship a man should be able to toss a sack of flour in his teeth or juggle a cask of salt horse."

"Sure 'ting," grinned Pierre. "That's right. Look at me. Mebbe you hear 'bout Pierre 'Ferocé some time, eh?" "Oh, yes; everybody knows you. You're a big bully. I've seen you drink a quart of this wood alcohol they call whiskey up here and then jump the bar from a stand, but you're all animal—you haven't refinement and the culture that makes real strength. It's the mind that makes us stand punishment."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Canadian. "What a funny talk! She'll take the educate man for stan' the col, eh? Mon Dieu!" He roared again till the sled dogs turned fearful glances backward and bushy tails drooped under the weight of their fright. Great snorts came oftener with great rage from Pierre, and they had too frequently felt them both to forget.

"Yes; you haven't the mentality some time you'll use up your physical resources and go to pieces like a burned wick."

Pierre was greatly amused. His yellow teeth shone, and he gave vent to violent mirth as, following the thought, he pictured a naked mind wandering over the hills with the quicksilver at 60 degrees.

"Did you ever see a six day race? Of course not. You barbarians haven't sunk to the level of our dissolute east, where we joy in Roman spectacles. But if you had you'd see it's will that wins; it's the man that eats his soul by inches. The educated soldier stands the campaign best. You men too much to muscle. You're not balanced."

"I think mebbe you'll 'ave chance for show 'im, thees stout will of yours. She's going be long 'mush' troo the mountains, plente snow, plente cold."

Although Pierre's ridicule was galling, Willard felt the charm of the morning too strongly to admit of anger or to argue his pet theory.

The sun, brilliant and cold, lent a paradoxical cheerfulness to the desolation, and, though never a sign of life broke the stillness around them, the beauty of the scintillant gleaming mountains distinct as cameos, that guarded the bay, appealed to him with the strange attraction of the arctic—at attraction that calls and calls in silently till men forsake God's country for its mystery.

He breathed the biting air cleaned by leagues of lifeless barrens and voids of crackling frost till he ached with the exhilaration of a perfect morning on the Circle.

Also before him undulated the grand set string of dogs the coast had known seven there were, tall and gray, with tails like plumes, which none but

Pierre could lay hand upon, fierce and fearless as their master. He drove with the killing cruelty of a stamper, and they loved him.

"You say you have grub cached at the old Indian hut on the Good Hope?" questioned Willard.

"Sure! Fire poun' bacon, leetle flour and rice. I cache one gum boot, too, ha! Good thing for make fire queeck, eh?"

"You bet! An old rubber boot comes handy when it's too cold to make shavings."

Leaving the coast, they ascended a deep and tortuous river where the snow lay thick and soft. One man on snowshoes broke trail for the dogs till they reached the foothills. It was hard work, but infinitely preferable to that which followed, for now they came into a dangerous stretch of overflows. The stream, frozen to its bed, clogged the passage of the spring water beneath, forcing it up through cracks till it spread over the solid ice, forming pools and sheets covered with treacherous ice skins. Wet feet are fatal to man and beast, and they made laborious detours, wallowing trails through tangled willows waist deep in the snow smother or clinging precariously to the overhanging bluffs. As they reached the river's source the sky blackened suddenly and great clouds of snow rushed over the bleak hills, boiling down into the valley with a furious draft. They clung up their flimsy tent only to have it flattened by the force of the gale, that cut like well honed steel. Frozen spots leaped out white on their faces, while their hands stiffened ere they could fasten the guy strings.

Finally, having lashed the tent bottom to the protruding willow tops, by grace of heavy lifting they strained their flapping shelter up sufficiently to crawl within.

"By gar! She's blow bup ver queeck!" yelled Pierre as he set the ten pound sheet iron stove, its pipe swaying drunkenly with the heaving tent.

"Good 'ting she hit us in the brush."

He spoke as calmly as though danger was distant, and a moment later the little box was roaring with its oil soaked kindlings.

"Will this stove burn green willow tops?" cried Willard.

"Sure! She's good stove. She'll burn hickies eef you get 'im start one time. See 'im get red?"

They rubbed the stiff spots from their cheeks; then, seizing the ax, Willard crawled forth into the storm and dug at the base of the gnarled bushes.

Occasionally a shrub assumed the proportions of a man's wrist, but rarely gathering an armful, he bore them in side, and, twisting the tips into withes he fed the fire. The frozen twigs sized and snapped, threatening to fall utterly, but with much blowing he sustained a blaze sufficient to melt a pot of snow. Boiling was out of the question, but the tea leaves became soaked and the bacon cauterized.

Pierre freed and fed the dogs. Each gulped its dried salmon and, curling in the lee of the tent, was quickly drifted over. Next he cut blocks from the solid bottom snow and built a barricade to windward. Then he accumulated a mow of willow tops without the tent fly. All the time the wind blew down the valley like the breath of a giant bellows.

"Supper!" shouted Willard, and as Pierre crawled into the candlelight he found him squatted, fur bundled, over the stove, which settled steadily into the snow, melting its way downward toward a firmer foundation.

The heat was insufficient to thaw the frozen sweat in his clothes, his

while they huddled beneath. When one travels on rations delay is dangerous. Each morning, dragging themselves out into the maelstrom, they took sticks and poked into the drifts for dogs. Each animal as found was exhumed, given a fish and became straightway reburied in the whirling white that seethed down from the mountains.

On the fifth, without warning, the storm died and the air stilled to a perfect silence.

"These dog bag froze," said Pierre, swearing earnestly as he harnessed. "I don't like eet much. They going play bout, I'm 'fraild." He knelt and chewed from between their toes the ice pellets that had accumulated. A malamoot is hard pressed to let his feet mass, and this added to the men's uneasiness.

As they mounted the great divide mountains rolled away on every hand, barren, desolate, marble white, always the whiteness, always the listening silence that oppressed like a weight. Myriads of creek valleys radiated below in a bewildering maze of twisting seams.

"Those are the Ass' Ears, I suppose," said Willard, gazing at two great fangs that bit deep into the sky line. "Is it true that no man has ever reached them?"

"Yes, the Hinjun say that's where hall the storm come from, because, when the win' blow troo the ass' ear, look out! Somebody going ketch 'ell!"

Dogs' feet wear quickly after freezing, for crusted snow cuts like a knife. Spots of blood showed in their tracks, growing more plentiful till every print was a crimson stain. They limped pitifully on their raw pads, and occasionally one whined. At every step they sank in track, licking their lacerated paws, rising only at the cost of much whipping.

On the second night, faint and starved, they reached the hut. Digging away the drifts, they crawled inside to find it half full of snow—snow which had sifted through the crevices. Pierre groped among the shadows and swore excitedly.

"What's up?" said Willard.

Vocal effort of the simplest is exhausting when spent with hunger, and these were the first words he had spoken for hours.

"By gar, she's gone! Somebody stole my grub!"

Willard felt a terrible sinking, and his stomach cried for food.

"How far is it to the Crooked River Roadhouse?"

"One long day drive—forty mile."

"We must make it tomorrow or go hungry, eh? Well, this isn't the first dogfish I ever ate." Both men gnawed a moldy dried salmon from their precious store.

As Willard removed his footgear he groaned.

"What's the mattaire?"

"I froze my foot two days ago—snowshoe strap too tight." He exhibited a heel, from which, in removing his inner sock, the flesh and skin had come away.

"That's all right," grinned Pierre. "You got the beeg will let 'er yet. It take the educate man for stan' the col, you know."

Willard gritted his teeth.

They awoke to the whine of a gray windstorm that swept the cutting snow in swirling clouds and made travel a madness. The next day was worse.

Two days of hunger weigh heavy when the cold weakens, and they grew gaunt and fell away in their features.

"I'm glad we've got another feed for the dogs," remarked Willard. "We can't let them run hungry, even if we do."

"I think she's be all right tomor," ventured Pierre. "Thees ain't snow—jus' win'; bimbeby all blow hot. Sacre! I'll can eat 'nuff fore 'ole barny."

For days both men had been cold, and the sensation of complete warmth had come to seem strange and unreal, while their faces cracked where the spots had been.

Willard felt himself on the verge of collapse. He recalled his words about strong men, gazing the while at Pierre. The Canadian evinced suffering only in the haggard droop of eye and mouth; otherwise he looked strong and dogged.

Willard felt his own features had shrunk to a mask of loose jawed suffering, and he set his mental sinews muttering to himself.

He was dizzy and faint as he stretched himself in the still morning air upon waking and hobbled painfully, but as his companion emerged from the darkened shelter into the crystalline brightness, he forgot his own misery at sight of him. The big man reeled as though struck when the dazzle from the hills reached him and he moaned, shielding his sight. Snow blindness had found him in a night.

Slowly they plodded out of the valley, for hunger gnawed acutely, and they left a trail of blood tracks from the dogs. It took the combined efforts of both men to fish them to foot after each pause. This progress was slow and fraught with agony.

As they rose near the pass miles of arctic wastes barred themselves. An about towed bald domes while everywhere stretched the monotonous white the endless snow unbroken by tree or shrub pallid and menacing unadorned to the eye.

"Thank God the worst's over," sighed Willard flinging himself on to the sled. "We'll make it to the sun mit next time; then she's downhills all the way to the roadhouse."

Pierre said nothing.

Away to the northward glimmered the Ass' Ears, and as the speaker eyed them curiously he noted gauzy shreds and streamers veiling their tops. The phenomena interested him for he knew that here must be wind—the terror of the bleak tundra the hopeless, merciless master of the barrens. However, the distant range

beneath the twin peaks showed clear cut and distinct against the sky, and he did not mention the occurrence to the guide, although he recalled the words of the Indians, "Beware of the wind through the Ass' Ears."

Again they labored up the steep slope, wallowing in the sliding snow, straining silently at the load; again they threw themselves exhausted upon it. Now, as he eyed the panorama below, it seemed to have suffered a subtle change, indefinable and odd. Although but a few minutes had elapsed, the coast mountains no longer loomed clear against the horizon, and his visual range appeared foreshortened, as though the utter distances had lengthened, bringing closer the edge of things. The twin peaks seemed endlessly distant and hazy, while the air had thickened as though congested with possibilities lending a remoteness to the landscape.

"If it blows up on us here, we're gone," he thought, "for it's miles to shelter, and we're right in the saddle of the hills."

Pierre, half blinded as he was, arose uneasily and dust the air like a wild beast, his great head thrown back, his nostrils quivering.

"I smell the win'," he cried. "Mon Dieu! She's goin' blow!"

A volatile pennant floated out from a nearby peak, hanging about its crest like faint smoke. Then along the brow of the pass whirled a wisp of drifting, twisting flakes, idling hither and yon, ecstatic and aimless, settling in a hollow. They sensed a thrill and rustle to the air, though never a breath had touched them; then, as they mounted higher a draft fanned them, icy as interstellar space. The view from the summit was grotesquely distorted, and, glancing upward, they found the guardian peaks had gone a-smoke with clouds of snow that whirled confusedly, while an increasing breath sucked over the summit, stronger each second. Dry snow began to rustle aloftly about their feet. So swiftly were the changes wrought that before the mind had grasped their import the storm was on them, roaring down from every side, swooping out of the boiling sky, a raging blast from the voids of sunless space.

Pierre's shouts as he slashed at the sled lashings were snatched from his lips in scattered scraps. He dragged forth the whipping tent and threw himself upon it with the sleeping bags. Having cut loose the dogs, Willard crawled within his sack, and they drew the flapping canvas over them. The air was twilight and heavy with effort as smoke granules that hurtled past in a drone.

They removed their outer garments that the fur might fold closer against them and lay exposed to the full hate of the gale. They hoped to be drifted over, but no snow could lodge in this hurricane, and it sifted past, dry and sharp, eddying out a bare place where in they lay. Thus the wind drove the chill to their bones bitterly.

An un nourished human body responds but weakly, so, vitiated by their fast and labors, their suffering smote them with tenfold cruelty.

All night the north wind shouted, and, as the next day waned with its violence undiminished, the frost crept in upon them till they rolled and tossed shivering. Twice they essayed to crawl out, but were driven back to cower for endless, hopeless hours.

It is in such black, aimless times that thought becomes distorted. Willard felt his mind wandering through bleak dreams and tortured fancies, always to find himself harping on his early argument with Pierre, "It's the mind that counts." Later he roused to the fact that his knees, where they pressed against the bag, were frozen, also his feet were numb and senseless. In his acquired consciousness he knew that along the course of his previous mental vagary lay madness, and the need of action bore upon him imperatively.

He shouted to his mate, but "Wild" Pierre seemed strangely apathetic.

"We've got to run for it at daylight. We're freezing! Here; hold on! What are you doing? Wait for daylight!"

Pierre had scrambled stiffly out of his cover, and his gabblings reached Willard. He raised a clinebeck fist into the darkness of the streaming night, cursing horribly with words that appalled the other.

"Man, man! Don't curse your God! This is bad enough as it is. Cover up quick!"

Although apparently unmindful of his presence the other crawled back, muttering.

As the dim morning grayed the smother they rose and fought their way downward toward the valley. Long since they had lost their griping, hunger and now held only an apathetic indifference to food, with a cringing dread of the cold and a stubborn sense of their extreme necessity.

They fell many times but gradually drew themselves more under control the exercise scintillating them as they staggered downward, blinded and buffeted their only hope the roadhouse.

Willard moved dully at the change in Pierre. His face had shriveled to blackened freezes stretched upon a bony substructure and lighted by feverish glittering black black eyes. It seemed to him that his own lagging body had long since failed and that his aching naked soul was dazed still through the endless day.

As night approached Pierre stopped frequently propping himself with legs far apart, sometimes he hunched, invariably this horrible sound shocked Willard into a keener sense of the surroundings and it grew to irritate him for the Frenchman's mental wanderings increased with the darkness. What made him rouse one with his awful laughter? These spells of walking insensibility were pleasanter far. At last the big man fell to Willard's mechanical endeavors to

help he spoke sleepily, but with the sanity of a man under great stress.

"Dat no good. I'm going freeze right 'ere—freeze stiff as 'ell. An revolt."

"Get up!" Willard kicked him weakly, then sat upon the prostrate man as his own faculties went wandering. Eventually he roused and, digging into the snow, buried the other, first covering his face with the ample parka hood. Then he struck down the valley in one lucid spell he found he had followed a sled trail which was blown clear and distinct by the wind that had now almost died away.

Occasionally his mind grew clear, and his pains beat in upon him till he grew furious at the life in him which refused to end, which forced him ever through this gantlet of misery. More often he was conscious only of a vague and terrible extremity outside of himself that roared him forever forward. Anon he strained to recollect his destination. His features had set in an implacable grimace of physical torture, like a runner in the fury of a finish, till the frost hardened them so. At times he fell heavily, face downward, and at length upon the trail, lying so still that omnipresent coercion that had frozen in his brain drove him forward.

He heard his own voice mauling through lifeless lips like that of a stranger, "The man that can eat his soul will win, Pierre."

Sometimes he cried like a child and slaver ran from his open mouth, freezing at his breast. One of his hands was going dead. He stripped the left mitten off and drew it laboriously over the right. One he would save at least, even though he lost the other. He looked at the bare member dully, and he could not tell that the cold had eased till the bitterness was nearly out of the air. He labored with the fitful spurts of a machine run down.

Ten men and many dogs lay together in the Crooked River Roadhouse through the storm. At late bedtime of the last night came a scratching on the door.

"Somebody's left a dog outside," said a teamster and rose to let him in. He opened the door only to retreat afrightedly.

"My God!" he said, "My God!" And the miners crowded forward.

A figure tottered over the portal, swaying drunkenly. They shuddered at the sight of its face as it crossed toward the fire. It did not walk; it shuffled haltingly, with dazed knees and hanging shoulders, the strides measuring inches only, a grisly burlesque upon senility.

Pausing in the circle, it mumbled thickly, with great effort, as though gleaming words from infinite distance: "Wild Pierre—frozen—buried—in—snow—burry!" Then he straightened and spoke strongly, his voice flooding the room.

"It's the mind, Pierre—ha, ha, ha—the mind!"

He cackled hideously and plunged forward into a miner's arms.

It was many days before his delirium broke. Gradually he felt the pressure of many bandages upon him and the hunger of convalescence. As he lay in his bunk the past came to him hazy and horrible, then the hum of voices, one loud insistent and familiar.

He turned weakly to behold Pierre propped in a chair by the stove, frost scarred and pale, but aggressive even in recuperation. He gesticulated fiercely with a bandaged hand, hot in controversy with some big limbed, bearded stranger.

"Bah! You fellers no good—too beeg in the ches", too leetle in the forehead. She'll tak' the educate mans for stan' the 'ardsheep, lak' me an' Meestaire Weelard."

Waterproof Paper Coats.

There is probably no more impervious serviceable waterproof than the raincoats and cloaks of Mitsu-mata paper made from the leaves and stems of a small shrub which grows in the mountains of Japan. Until one of the experts of the department of agriculture discovered it a few years ago its existence was unknown to the outside world. Even now but little is known of it except that the plant has thrived in some mountainous portions of the United States and, further, that the method of manufacturing the paper is crude.

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Hark Ye! The Joyful Things

Xmas Near at Hand. Our Store is Full of Good Things to Eat

Cranberries
Oranges
Bananas
Celery
Grape Fruit
Tangerines
Table Raisins
Dates
Fancy Malaga
Grapes

Anything and Everything You Want in Fancy Groceries

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LET US SUPPLY THE INVITATIONS

Insist on the Best

Mother's Bread

Will fill every requirement

CITY BAKERY

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WATCH THEM FOR BARGAINS

UNIVERSAL

Coffee Percolators

Lose No Aroma in Steam

Coffee boiled for any length of time in ordinary pots, or sprayed with boiling water, as in ordinary percolators, loses its fine aroma in steam. While good coffee can be made in ordinary coffee pot by experts, experts are rare.

The best coffee pot in the one which automatically completes the process before the water boils and the "Universal" is the only one that fills this requirement.

This is the perfection of the drip process, circulating six to ten times as much water as any other percolator, consequently extracting a greater amount of the aromatic properties of the coffee.

Call at the store, see the percolators and ask for booklet explaining them.

Wm. F. Powell,

23 S. Second Street

BOTH PHONES.



"Somebody going ketch 'ell."

eyes were blurry and wet from smoke and his nose needed continuous blowing but he spoke pleasantly, a fact which Pierre noted with approval.

"We'll need a babas corpus for this stove if you don't get something to hold her up, and I might state if it's worthy of mention that your nose is frozen again."

Pierre brought an armful of stones from the creek edge distributing them beneath the stove on a bed of twisted willows, then swallowing their scanty, half cooked food, they crawled, shivering into the deerskin sleeping bags that animal heat might dry their clammy garments.

Four days the wind roared and the ice filings poured over their shelter



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Two Doors to Left of Dimeling Entrance
14 Second Street Clearfield, Pa.

Warnings which have been quite widely issued in the corn belt territory tell of the likelihood of a loss of stock as a result of eating cornstalks that have been stunted by drought. As a result of chemical process, not any too well understood, a virulent poison resembling prussic acid develops in such stalks but it is volatile (disappears in the air) when the moisture evaporates from the stalks. This usually takes place by Jan. 1, when they are thoroughly dry.

The effort that is made in small towns and to some extent in strictly rural communities to provide for young people social enjoyment is much needed and has much to commend it when not carried to the extreme which leads them to think that there is good reason for being away from home several nights in the week and which causes them to think that some other place than home is the proper as well as best center of social enjoyment. When this extreme view is favored by a community it is a pitiful admission that the homes are not fulfilling their true mission. The idea needs emphasizing more than it is now being emphasized by all friends of young people including their parents, their teachers and others who have their true welfare at heart, that the home is the natural gathering place for young people and that all that can possibly be done should be done to make each home an interesting, attractive and comfortable center which will attract the boys and girls to it rather than drive them away from it. To this end something is needed far more than furnishings, and that is a home atmosphere which is the result of the kindly and sympathetic as well as wide awake interest which the older people in a home take toward the younger people and the things in which they are much concerned. The present day is in dire need of a deeper and more intelligent interest in the home for out of it as was said of the heart "are the issues of life." Neither the school the church nor the ballroom can make good the loss sustained in a disordered and unattractive home which fails of the splendid mission which was intended for it.

The achievement of a Virginia boy, Hugh Gunnell, in producing 132 bushels of shelled corn on one acre of land is being publicized in agricultural papers of the country and should serve to encourage other farm boys to get out of the rut in which their fathers

have tried and try something else.

The bookkeeping on this concern is summarized as follows:

Ty bunches of corn, condensed milk
agricultural department at \$200.
ton at \$2 a bushel, \$160; one
bushels at 80 cents a bushel,
\$400 bunches of corn \$160;
\$400 bunches of corn \$160;
a bunch, \$14.00; twenty dollar
am from the county, \$20; city
corn expedition at Columbia,
worth \$50. This makes a total
of \$242.00. It cost to raise the
including manure, plowing, the
land, fertilizer and working of ex-
cluding harvesting, \$98.00. Their
total net receipts of \$211.00. The
wall worth while from the share
of the money received, but was
worth a good deal more than its
educational and inspirational
for the boy.

J. E. Smith

Voting

"Do you believe that women can vote?"

Silver is of less value than gold,
than virtue.—Horace.

**FARM ·
ORCHARD
AND —
GARDEN
BY
FETRIGG
REGISTER.
ROCKFORD, ILL.**



**CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED**

[This matter must not be reprinted without special permission]

The farmers in most any section where dirt roads prevail can do a mighty acceptable piece of home missionary work by getting out with their road drags on days when the surface of the roads is mealy and smoothing them down before the final freezeup.

It is well for the boy who is this year trapping for the first time to remember that practically all furs do not reach the condition called "prime" if the fur bearing animal is trapped before Dec 1. Many states have this as the opening date for the trapping season. Others should

Most railroad ties as well as telegraph and telephone poles that are now laid or set are given a preservative treatment with creosote or other chemical to increase their life. Time was when timber was so plentiful that ties and poles were cheaper than the preservative, but not so now.

The banks of Kansas City are planning to contribute \$10,000 toward a fund which is to be raised for the purpose of buying seed wheat for farmers in the ten western counties of the state that suffered most from last summer's drought. This is a commendable type of philanthropy, but is simply a 'casting of bread upon the water.'

A vessel fully equipped to take moving pictures of fish and other marine life beneath the surface and on the bed of the ocean will leave New York city in a few months for the submarine gardens of Bermuda. A machine which will take the pictures has been perfected, and the pictures that will be taken will be most interesting.

That the presence of road-side trees is a prolific source of bad roads—and this is especially true when they are on the south side of east and west thoroughfares—was shown in rather striking fashion in a cross country trip which the writer took the other day. A stretch of 100 feet of road that was sheltered by such trees was so slippery

that the auto behaved as if it were on a "jag" while a half dozen feet beyond the shaded stretch the road was muddy and driving out rapidly. He is a public benefactor who converts these border trees into stove wood at the earliest possible moment.

The government receipt for an effective rat poison is, one part barytes (barium sulphate) mixed with eight or nine parts fine cornmeal and moistened with enough water to make a dough. This dope works slowly, usually causes rats that eat it to go from their runs in search of water and is not as dangerous to children as are many poisons on the market.

In the province of Manitoba hunters are required to wear a white coat or sweater and a white cap while those who hunt big game in the province of Saskatchewan must have an entire suit of white and a white cap. This kind of an outfit may cause some game to be "shy" but it safeguards the wener against being shot by some galoot of a hunter who couldn't tell a deer from a tree stump or a boulder.

The common uses of sugar are well known. Some others that may not be so well known are its employment in the manufacture of stoeobalaking transparent soap and copying ink and ink rollers for printing presses. It also forms from 40 to 60 per cent of some explosives and is used in dyeing and tannin operations. Sugar also has a hardening effect on mortar and when so used constitutes one-half the bulk of the mortar mixture there being one part lime and one part sand mixed with it.

Tests are being made by the United States bureau of chemistry to determine the amount of shrinkage which takes place in dried fruit between shipping point and ultimate destination. Ten railcars of such fruit from the Pacific coast to a steam rail line are to be weighed at both ends of the long journey so that the packer may know the amount of shrinkage and may know how much fruit to put into a parcel in the packing plant to have it meet the legal net weight requirements when it is sold in the outer grocery.

It is an excellent idea and one carried out by a good many people to buy a few good books every year as a permanent addition to the family library. While it is well enough if there are a few volumes of current fiction among these, good deal more satisfaction will be got in the course of years if half or more of the books thus purchased are of the more substantial sort telling of the solution of the great problems confronting the race and of individual and national achievement along a great variety of lines.

Australia ought to be a bonanza country for automobilists. It is said that there are not only restrictions on

Popular Science tells of a method of extracting wooden splinters that will bring relief to a good many women and some men who are sort of chicken hearted when it comes to digging out a splinter with a needle or jackknife. Fill a wide mouthed bottle, such as a milk bottle nearly full of hot water and place over the mouth of the bottle the part containing the splinter, pressing down slightly in order to prevent any steam from escaping. This will cause the flesh to draw down, and in a short time the action of the steam will extract the splinter and also reduce any inflammation.

There is little question that with the increasing scarcity of wood post material steel posts will come more and more into favor. As it is now they cost but a trifle more than wooden posts and when set are practically indestructible. To this they add great strength and firmness while several types are made so that the wire can be attached without the use of separate staples or hooks. A method that is being followed by a good many in setting them is to pour cement into the bottom of the hole in which they are set fill in with earth well to the top and then give the post a collar of cement at the surface of the ground.

[illegible]

A question that does not seem to have been so determined satisfactorily by any of the experiments mentioned is whether the feeding of apples in considerable quantities to milk cows has any perceptible effect upon the flow of milk. From their own experience a good many dairymen seem to be convinced that the eating of large quantities by the cows tends to decrease milk flow, but the matter has not been got down in what may be called black and white. Apples are worth from the standpoint of nutritive value about one third of what silage is. From this it will be seen that they serve about the same purpose as turnips—furnish a variety for the system and tend to increase capacity to assimilate larger quantities of other foods.

The egg laying contest which is being conducted at Storrs college, Connecticut has passed the forty ninth

will buy a large **ROCKINGHAM EARTH-
ENWARE BOWL** at our store if you
toss us your nickel before the new year
makes its bow. None of these were less
than ten cents, some were fifteen, twenty
and some twenty-five cents. To close
them out before taking inventory **FIVE
CENTS** takes any size. See window.

Clearfield Hardware Company
125 MARKET STREET

WORTH LOOKING INTO.

Colonel Leach, a well known farmer who lives near Davenport, La. has come out in advocacy of a system of compulsory inoculation for the prevention of hog cholera which he contends would eradicate the disease in the po-

ROBINSON & COMPANY NEXT TO WINDSOR HOTEL
CLEARFIELD, PENNA.

Banner Madza Lamps

Opposite Witmer Inn

HARDER'S GUN WORKS

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